

Kathi Irving (KI): This is Kathi Irving. Today is 21 May 2003. I'm with Jay Searle at his home at 403 West 250 South in Vernal. So, Jay, would you like to tell me about your parents and your early life?

Jay Searle (Jay): My parents was Raymond Milton Searle and my mother was Zina Batty Searle. She come from a large family and my father come from five, I think, there was five. My father's parents came here in 1883 and landed up in Dry Fork.

KI: Where did they come from?

Jay: They come from Clover Valley, Nevada. When they come, they brought around two hundred head of cattle and two hundred head of horses.

KI: That was pretty wealthy, wasn't it?

Jay: Well, yes, they were well-to-do. That was a long trip.

KI: Why did they decide to come here?

Jay: The reason they came here, I suppose, is because my grandmother, her name was Alexander, her maiden name. Her family lived around Roosevelt. But my great-grandfather Searle, who was a livestock man, he bought and sold cattle and he run cattle. How they managed to get so far in a wagon and that, I don't know. But in '85, I know, he was living up at Meeker. Prior to going up there, he had bought 3,300 head of cattle over around Juab. That [is] down on the other side of Salt Lake out there, and they trailed them to Meeker and summered them. Numerous times he went to ship cattle to Wyoming, they took them to Wyoming, then loaded them on the train there and shipped them to Denver.

KI: Did they come out here to homestead because there was more land available?

Jay: Well, I guess. My mother, Zina Batty, came from Wallsburg, Utah, and they come in a wagon, and horse and buggy. They had a little white cow and somebody had painted on there: "Ashley Valley or Bust." It took them seven days to come from Wallsburg out here. I forget how many times they said they crossed that Daniel's Canyon stream, but it was numerous times. But my Grandfather Batty, he had already came out to Vernal and made a trade for a place out here and they came here to live. That's where they was moving to. Mother said when they got here all they had was sagebrush, so it didn't look like a very prosperous place. But Grandmother was a very energetic person and they grubbed the brush and developed a nice farm, had a big orchard, had the biggest orchard there was in the valley at that time. It seemed to me like it was five acres. It was a lot of ground in the orchard.

KI: What kind of fruit did they grow?

Jay: Oh, apples, cherries, pears, walnuts. The old big Wolf River apples they had I remember so well because they were five or six inches across, you know. They'd baked those. Always bake them when the thrashers would come, they'd have baked apples. My gosh, they were good.

They had a smokehouse to smoke there. When they killed their hogs, why, they hung them up in there and smoked them, used apple wood to burn to cure the meat.

KI: Now, where was this? Up Dry Fork?

Jay: No, I'm talking about Grandfather Batty now. They had the orchard. In the summertime, to keep that meat, they would bury it in the wheat bin in the granary. That way, flies couldn't get to it, unless the wheat happened to get off, then you had a problem.

KI: This was already smoked?

Jay: This was after it was smoked, yes.

KI: Where was the Battys' place?

Jay: It was in Glines. That's where I was born. Not at their place, but I was born in a place in Glines. The house is no longer there. But Searles, they lived up Dry Fork. My great-grandmother, Jane Adair Searle, she died the year that they got here, in '83. She's buried at the cemetery in Dry Fork.

My Grandfather [George Adelbert] Searle, he was a good livestock man and I have a book, a little ledger, that I compiled out of a partially destroyed ledger, that the kids have got a hold of, not my kids, and they've torn many pages out and scribbled over other pages, but I compiled that out of there and it shows where one year he turned 1,500 head of cattle out on these mountains right up here. So, all he ever did was run cattle until the year of 1919.

That's the winter that they called "the equalizer." It didn't make any difference how many cattle you had going into the winter. If you didn't have any, you had just as many cattle as the rich man had when spring come, because there just wasn't any feed and such a hard winter that most of the livestock perished in the hard winter. A lot of people went broke that year. My grandfather had signed a note with his brother-in-law, Wood Alexander, that's who Wood Searle was named after, was Wood Alexander, see. Consequently, they lost everything they had. They'd built a big, beautiful home up in Maeser and that home is still standing there. At that time it was probably as nice a home as there was around. But anyway, they ended up going broke like a lot of them did, and he ended up finally going to Salt Lake and was an inspector for the state. He went to the dairies and inspected cream and different things like that in his later years. In the last years he was able to work.

KI: Could you tell me the approximate location of the house up in Maeser?

Jay: Do you know where Angel Road is, they used to call it? Do you know where Carl Collett lives?

KI: No, but tell me where it is in relation to Elva and Milt [Searle].

Jay: In relation to Elva and Milt's, you would go straight west to the second road and you would turn right and that's Angel Street. That's what the guys who used to live there called that, I don't know why.

KI: I heard it was because the girls used to wear white dresses as they walked to church. People started calling it Angel Street because the girls in white dresses looked like angels.

Jay: I'll be darned; I didn't ever know what it was. But you go to that street until it hits Fifth North and it's right on the corner right there. It's a nice old, big type of house. What always amazes me is how those people, like my Grandfather Searle was in Meeker in '85 and they had a child there and it died there. Then my father was born in Washington, Utah, which is just out of St. George and that was in '87. Then they end up over in Clover Valley, Nevada, which is west of St. George and into Nevada, roughly seventy-five or one hundred miles, and that's where they left and come up to here from. But how those people ever traveled that far in wagons in those days, how they managed that, I don't know, but they did.

KI: So, it was your grandparents who first came here.

Jay: Oh, yes. My great-grandparents, that's where my grandfather came, and he came with his father, Charles Decater [Searle]. It was Charles Decater's wife, Jane Adair, that died in Dry Fork. Then my grandfather, George, was the son of Charles Decater and he married Zina, same as my mother's name was Zina. He always called her Zinna, or something like that. Grandmother would say, "Do this, George." And he'd say, "Yes, Zinna!"

I probably lost you on a generation there because it was my great-grandfather that came with his family and came to Dry Fork in '83, Charles Decater.

We've kind of wandered away from where I was when I was a kid.

KI: A little bit, but that's okay. How did your mom and dad meet?

Jay: Well, they met at a dance. My father, someday, at that time, was coming from Roosevelt to spark her. That was quite a long ways to come. See, Grandfather Searle had a place over there as well as his place over here. Anyway, he wasn't a member of the [LDS] Church and my mother's folks were real religious, but Grandfather Batty approved of him because of the kind of a character he had.

I don't know how long that they courted, but anyway, Grandfather Searle was kind of glad when they got married so Father wouldn't have to come so far to see her.

KI: Her family was living in Glines at the time?

Jay: They were living in Glines, yeah.

KI: They were farmers, I imagine?

Jay: Farmers, that's right. They was farmers. How they survived, you wonder, because during the time when they lived there, of course, everybody washed clothes on the board, everything was done the hard way. They had a big family and still my Grandfather Batty was called on a mission. How they got along, farming and surviving and supporting a mission, I don't know. But that was just some of the hardships they endured. If people had to endure that today, they just wouldn't do it. I haven't told anything about my childhood at all.

KI: Tell me when you were born.

Jay: I was born December 9, 1914, in Glines Ward. That place, like I said before, is no longer there, although I remember my mother taking me back up there to visit when she went to visit. We had a neighbor, Grandma McCoy they called her, that was her name. She wasn't our grandma, but that's what we called her. I know that I had to be a pretty tiny kid when we went there.

KI: Were you the oldest child?

Jay: No, my brother Ray was the oldest. I'm the middle one. There's five of us boys. We usually started at the top, lined up according to age to do something, and it didn't make any difference, I'd end up in the middle, see. But then, my two older brothers have passed away.

KI: So, Ray was the oldest and then who's next?

Jay: Carl.

KI: And then you.

Jay: Then Woodey and then Milt.

KI: And I know that your father was killed very soon before Milt was born.

Jay: A month to the day. But you see, I kind of shouldn't be around here because we always did everything according to age. Ray was the oldest and he went first, then Carl was next and he went next, so it was my turn. But some way or another, Wood, he always kind of did things a little different than the rest of us anyway, so he took my turn. Yes, and here I am, still kicking around and I was four year older than he was.

KI: So, how old were you when Milt was born?

Jay: I was eight. I turned nine in December.

KI: Was that really difficult to lose your father?

Jay: It certainly was, I would imagine, I don't know how a woman would ever get along. Mother already had four kids, then a new baby coming, and you know they didn't have all these

handouts they've got today. Today, you just go down and sign up for something, the government takes care of you, but there wasn't any such thing to do [then]. We had two homesteads on the mountain. Mother had a homestead and Father had a homestead. Mother felt like, because that's what Father wanted, why, she ought to prove up on those places. Someway or other, between the kids and her, we got them proved up on.

KI: How old were Carl and Ray at this time?

Jay: Well, Ray would have turned fifteen. Father was killed the eleventh of October and Ray would turn fifteen on the fifteenth of October. Carl was born in '12 and Ray was born in 1908, so they were about four years apart.

KI: So, they were at least some help to your mother.

Jay: Yes. Carl had asthma real bad and anything around hay or anything like that, boy, he was handicapped. Well, in fact, when Father was killed, Grandfather and Grandmother Searle lived in Salt Lake and he went to live with them. Well, that's where he graduated from school. No, he finished his last year here, but anyway, most of his young life, his school years, he spent in Salt Lake. He got along a lot better with his asthma out there than he did here.

KI: Where did you live when you were just a child, then?

Jay: Well, where we lived, do you know where Leora Jacobe lives on the Maeser road? [852 West 500 North]? That was our house. We spent a great deal of time there, I forget how many years. I don't know exactly how many year, but I was just a tot, I'd say, three or four, when I lived there.

KI: Was there anything around that house or across the street?

Jay: Gosh, most everything's grew up so much anymore. Grandpa Holladay lived across the street, we called him. Another case, he wasn't our grandpa, but that's what they called him. That wasn't across the street, it was over in the field quite a ways. Where that walking park is now, that belonged to Leora's grandfather, Freestone, and they lived down across the road from where Henry Schaefermeyer now lives [approximately 249 North 500 West]. That's where their home place was. But he had quite large acreage in there.

KI: What did he do? Did he use it to farm?

Jay: He was a farmer, too. But we lived there, gosh, I remember so many things that happened there when I was so little. I remember Uncle Rube Freestone, that was Leora's dad. He'd put old Molly on the buggy every morning to take milk down to Calders. He'd quite often pick me up and take me with him.

Here a few years ago, I was up visiting Freddie Felch. Freddie, I think, is about ninety-four or ninety-five now, and he says, "You know the first time I remember you?" I said, "No." "Well," he said, "You come over to..." Felches lived across from Lou Freestone, who was a

brother to my uncle Rube and he went over there to help him hay. He says, "You come over there with Rube." He says, "I don't know whether you rode behind him on old Molly or whether you come in the buggy."

But anyway, I rode a horse over there to that hayin' there. That was nice because he had them big old ripe watermelons. Man, they were good. So anyway, that's when I first met Freddie. I couldn't remember meeting him, but he remembers when I showed up.

Then, oh, gosh, many little things. One thing I'll tell you about that I know happened while we was there. How people done it, I don't know. My uncle Jim Freestone and Rube Freestone are brothers and they married sisters, my mother's sisters. So, one year Jim went up to Rock Springs to the mines and Rube Freestone and Aunt Dora had gone to California. So, Jim and Aunt Vilate lived in their house and Jim went up there. They killed turkeys and chickens and froze them and shipped them in sacks up there to sell to the miners. Of course, in our day, you would get by in doing that. But on the mail, I guess the mail items wasn't insulated or anything so that poultry stayed frozen there. But anyway, I rode the buggy around with them while they was going around buying chickens from this farmer or turkey from that farmer. And we'd take them and kill chickens.

Boy, that was a chicken pickin' deal there. A lot of those hens would have little eggs in them, you know, all there would be was the yolk. So, we'd put those yolks on the stove and cook them. They was just like the yolk in a hard-boiled egg. They were good. They a made a living at least one winter by doing that. I was real young. I'd say maybe three or four, something like that.

Then, Father would go to town on his horse and he'd put me on behind his saddle and jog along. I'd ride down to that corner, what they called that Maeser turn, then I'd ride back. I'd do that so often that I'd get a little sore on my backside riding behind there.

When you refer to the fact that my father was killed, when we found out about that, I say we, at least we boys who were in school, we came home and a fellow named Dell Colton, we called him "Little Delly Dag," I have no idea why he got that name, but anyway, he stopped along the road and we was out in the yard and he hollered and told us what had happened to our father. Our grandfather picked up our mother and took her up to their place. So, we stayed up there with them that winter. Mother never did move back to that house. She owned that house, right over here on the Maeser turn, where Jacobe lives [852 West 500 North]. But they also owned this other house around on the Maeser turn, so that's where we were living when Father was killed.

Grandfather had come and got Mother and took her up there and, of course, she was eight months pregnant and it wasn't long until Milt was born. When Milt was born, why, my uncle, Don Batty, he was a-sparkin' the lady he finally married, Lela Preece, and she lived out in Ashley Ward, on the other side over there. So, he was going in his buggy, that's where he went. So, he just barely got home and got into bed and Mother got up and got him up and he had to go get, we called her Aunt Jane Murray, I called her that all my life because she was such a nice lady. I don't know whether they had a doctor or not or whether they couldn't get a doctor or whether she was just the midwife who delivered Milt, or not. But there was a foot of snow fell that night, so we always called him the Snowbird.

One thing I used to do for Milt, that, of course he didn't appreciate then, was those dirty diapers. People didn't have these throwaways in those days. It was wintertime, you'd change a diaper, put it in a basket out on the porch, then got a number two tub in, and you washed those diapers. That was one of my jobs was washing his diapers. So, I washed his dirty pants for him.

We're wandering around all over, but we went to the mountain the next summer and lived on Mother's homestead.

KI: Was your mom able to prove up on both homesteads because she had been married to your dad and they just let her go ahead and prove up?

Jay: Yes.

KI: What did you have to do to improve it?

Jay: Well, you was supposed to live there so long and you was supposed to do so many dollars worth of improvements on the place. We built a little old slab cabin and a sheep corral. I was nine then. That year, that summer, that spring, a sheepman here in Vernal, Guy Samuels, give me a job. He had a Mexican foreman and he gave me the job of tending some ewes and lambs, keeping the ewes and lambs [together]. When you have a herd of sheep, why, you usually have a thousand, or they did, have a thousand or two thousand head of ewes. You moved each morning. You had those droppers, the ones that dropped them that night. So, they'd try to get them separated as long as they could from mixing with the others so you'd have less bum lambs and they would be used to being to their mothers, see.

This old Mexican gave me the job of doing that, watching those ewes and lambs, and I was nine. It was probably, oh, three miles through from where Mother's homestead was, over to there. There wasn't a road through there. There was a lot of homesteads. We had a trail like. You let the bar be down and you had a nail down to the bottom of them, you stepped on the wire and hooked it under a nail or a wire, then led your horse across.

But Mother, it would be after dark when I'd get back, she'd be worried that I couldn't find the way. She'd be up on the hill, waving a lantern so I could see it. The old horse that I rode, old Monk, he knew the way, if I could just get through the fences.

The only thing that I remember about the horses, that a lot of people don't remember, I suppose, Father had two horses, they looked just alike, old Lightning and old Monk. They were branded Lazy J Heart on the left shoulder. He had two other horses, old Brownie and Shorty, and they were both branded Lazy MB on the left hip. Then we had a team, old Maude and Darky. He was a gelding, she was a mare. He was black and she was gray. But the brand showed up so plain on her, it seemed like on account of the gray, the brand just showed up so plain, that I remember that brand so well. It was Z-Bar-7. That brand is my Grandfather Searle's brand. But now, Darky could have had the same brand on, and I imagine he did, but his brand didn't ever show up. At least I don't remember it. But those horses, I do.

KI: Do you want to go on and tell me about when you went to school?

Jay: Yeah. The first year after we came down off the mountain from the homestead, I went down here to Central School. This was before Father was killed.

KI: Where were you living then?

Jay: We were living on that Maeser Road.

KI: You had to walk to school, didn't you?

Jay: Yes, oh, yeah, it was a terrible long ways. But anyway, I remember my mother dressed me in a Navy suit. Man, I was looking pretty sharp, you know? But coming home, that one day, they had wagons sprinkle the dust on the road. They didn't have vehicles, they had a wagon. And we was playing behind that and I fell down in the mud. So, I got my Navy suit all [messy].

Anyway, that's where I went through the first, and I believe the second grade I went there, too. The third grade I went to Glines Ward. I must have stayed up there with Grandpa and Grandmother that winter to go there to school.

KI: Where was that Glines Ward School?

Jay: The Glines Ward School is no longer there. If you took that road, off of the main highway, if you went to the Pizza Hut and went down that road and instead of going to Wal-Mart come right on down the road about halfway before you hit 1500 West, well, that's where the school was, but it's no longer there. [Approximately 1730 W. 1000 S.]

KI: What kind of things did you do in school? What subjects did you enjoy?

Jay: Well, I remember, I was always pretty good in arithmetic, and geography I liked, but one thing that I remember that they don't do anymore is practice penmanship. What did they call that method? Palmer Method? They had you doing that Palmer Method.

We liked to play marbles and liked to pitch tops. A lot of people don't know what a top it, you know, but they know what a marble is.

KI: You'd just spin the tops really fast so they would jump out of your hand?

Jay: No, you'd wrap a string around them, then you'd throw them.

KI: When you throw them, you release the string?

Jay: Yeah, they spin out there and sometimes you'd call peggin' tops. Some would have tops that had the real sharp point on it, the metal coming out of it. You'd try to peg that other guy's top. You might split that top if you hit it right on top. Then some of them had a little spring loaded in there. Marbles and spinning tops, playing ball, of course, that was interesting.

KI: What kind of ball did you play?

Jay: Softball.

KI: It took a long time before football came around, didn't it?

Jay: Well, that was a long time before they had football. I did play a little while on that.

I was going to tell you about the next year we come down off the mountain. I think I was



in the fourth grade that year.

KI: Now, you spent your summer up on the mountain and just came down for school?

Jay: Yes. That must have been my second grade that I spent out there. 1924, Father was killed in '23, and in 1924 my uncle had the apartment house, he was in the real estate business. Mother was supposed to have the job taking care of those apartment houses.

KI: Where was that?

Jay: In Salt Lake. We got out there and she didn't have any job. We lived in that apartment house a while. I remember one thing, Milt was just a baby, but that was the first time we ever saw a cockroach, was in that apartment house. It was a real nice building, a big, nice building. But Mother did get a job cleaning some office building down there that my uncle had something to do with. But we moved from one place to another. We lived in four different places that winter. I guess Mother just kept trying to find a place that was a little more what she could afford. I remember Milt being just a baby at that one place. I'd have to take him down to these people who would take care of him while Mother went to work. Boy, he didn't like it, I'll tell you. Half a dozen grown men around there all the time. Boy, he'd just bawl and holler. But, I'd have to leave him.

Then we moved to another place and one night I didn't come home. I run into a kid up to school, he was selling papers on the corner. The *Deseret News*. He said I could get a job, come on down there. I went down there, so they give me some papers to sell and I went down on that bank corner, they told me where to go. Golly, there was grown men. It was hard times.

KI: When was this, in the 20s?

Jay: Yeah, 1924 and then in the spring of 1925. But there was grown men selling the *Salt Lake Telegram* and the *Tribune* and other magazines. The *Deseret News* was what I was selling. You'd say: "Read all about it!" You know?

Anyway, Mother called the police. It was after dark and I'd never come home. So anyway, I went home. I don't know how much I'd made. I might have made fifteen cents, I don't know, but it wasn't too much to go to the bank with. Anyway, we lived at that house and while we were living there, Mother had a five dollar gold piece in her purse. Milt, he was just a little over a year then, fourteen months, something like that, why, he got that and went down to that little corner store. He thought he had a penny. But that little fellow that run the store was good enough to know who he was. So, Mother got her five dollars back.

KI: Do you remember who some of your teachers were when you went to the Glines School?

Jay: Oh, yeah. Alta Gillman was my teacher in the third grade and Ivan Perry was my teacher in the fifth. He could have been my teacher in the sixth. But I went to Lapoint in the seventh grade. I was living over there with my Uncle Grand and my Aunt Celesta Rasmussen. That was my mother's sister. I went to school there. We had two teachers. There was three grades in the class, seventh, eighth and ninth. LeRoy Morrill was the teacher in one class and his brother, Grant, was

the teacher in the other.

My mother was determined that she was going to have a musician in her family, somebody who could play some kind of an instrument. I remember Ray, when he was a kid he had a French horn. But anyway, over there Grant Morrill was the piano teacher and I took piano lessons from him. I could play some of the church songs and stuff, but it never did take very well with me. Anyway, she ended up buying me a saxophone, and Lord only knows, she didn't have the money to do that. But there was a saxophone by my bed one morning. I took a few lessons from Ralph Siddoway, but I never got so I could do anything on that. But I did play the snare drums through the rest of high school. I played in this band, the snare drums.

KI: Was it the school band?

Jay: Yes.

KI: Did you have a marching band?

Jay: Oh, yes, we went around everywhere, over to Price and different places.

KI: What kind of uniforms did you have?

Jay: Well, the colors of the school then were blue and white, now they're red, but they were blue and white then. We went to quite a lot of different schools and marched and up and down the streets here for different celebrations and things; usually we'd march. I got along pretty good with that, but I tried to go play for a dance, playing the drums, and I'd sooner get up and go dance than I would do that.

In later years, there was a couple, that was in '34, taught me how to chord on a mandolin. She played the piano and Bill played. Her name was May and she come from Houston, Texas, and she married this Wild Bill Bailey. He'd play the guitar and they had me so I could chord the mandolin. They'd go play for dances at the rock schoolhouse up on Pieance Creek. I'd play a while and pretty soon, I got up and danced. I never danced too bad because I had... You know, some of those things you have to have natural ability. You just can't do it mechanically and make it work. I would have loved to play the guitar or something. Also, I'd like to have sung, but you could put it in a steel drum, my voice. That's the only place anybody would want to hear it. You wouldn't want to hear it otherwise.

KI: Tell me some of the teachers you remember in high school.

Jay: Oh, golly, in high school. Gwendolyn Hansen.

KI: What did she teach?

Jay: She taught English. And Reed Morrill, he taught history. Who did I take typing from? I got so I could type pretty good, you know, fair.

KI: Was it required for you to take typing back then?

Jay: No, it wasn't required. I think reading, writing and arithmetic were probably the only ones required. The other subjects, why, they just fell in.

KI: What did you like to do when you were in high school? What were your real favorites?

Jay: What was my favorite? Study hall.

KI: What did you do in study hall?

Jay: Well, Ralph Siddoway took care of study hall and so did N.G. Sowards. Sometimes when they'd walk in, we'd throw something right over the transom, and they just walked right on in, you know. It looked like somebody throwing and they'd go back down the hall to see who that was raising the devil. Algebra sure wasn't my favorite, or geometry, I'll tell you. Those were always tough subjects for me.

KI: Did you ever take any shop classes or woodworking?

Jay: Yeah, I took woodworks. I got so I could saw a board pretty straight. I don't remember whether I made anything in shop or took anything home. They had leather work in there and I took that and I did make some bridles in leather work. I enjoyed doing that. Braiding, things like that.

When I was first in high school or junior high, that's when football started there. It was a six-man team. They didn't have the twelve players like they have now. It was six-man.

KI: What other schools did you play?

Jay: Carl finished his last year, he went out for football. He and Dee Jenks played and Wright Noel and maybe Howard Noel. I don't remember who all might have been on that team, but those guys would probably have been on there. It seems like I went out when they first got it, but I didn't make the team, so that concluded my football.

KI: What kind of pads and stuff did they used to wear?

Jay: I think that they had shoulder pads, but not like they have today. They didn't have the protective gear.

KI: Did Vernal play Union or did you go out to Salt Lake or what?

Jay: No, they didn't go out to Salt Lake then, they didn't have the school districts broke up into regions. I don't believe they had them broke up like then, but I don't think so. Although, we had good basketball teams there at our school. They won the Round Robin, they called it. They won that a year or two. We had some good players. But the way they shot a ball then, a long ball, they reached clear down below their knees and shot. Now, there's no such a thing as an overhand ball like that. Old Dunn Taylor would have run them out of the hall if they tried something like that.

KI: That's interesting. You went to the high school that was where the swimming pool is now, right?

Jay: Yes, it was somewhere right there, yes. There were two buildings, the old building and then the new building. There were two buildings there then.

KI: And the junior high school kids went there?

Jay: Seventh and eighth grade, that was the ones that went there. The rest went to grade schools.

KI: How many years did you go to the high school?

Jay: I finished up to the eleventh grade. Had a big row with the principal and the coach and that was the end of my school.

KI: What did you do? What did they do?

Jay: Well, we kind of got in a fistfight. L.G. Noble was the principal and someone shot off a firecracker and he come out and blamed me for it. Of course, I was capable of that, but he was wrong that time. And I said, "Well, you can't judge anybody by yourself." "You come right on in my office!" Well, I went in the office. The office was a little old place, about two by six, or six by six, it was small. He give me a shove over by the desk; of course, I turned around and took to him. Cal Davis was the coach and he was just outside and they wasn't long subduing me. There wasn't anything there much, but anyway, that was my last day of school.

KI: Boy, that wouldn't work today to do something like that, would it?

Jay: No, you couldn't get away with that.

KI: So, that would have been in 1933.

Jay: No, that was in '32. See, if I had graduated, it would have been in '33, but I didn't do that.

KI: What did you do after that?

Jay: Well, I don't know whether it was the next morning or a couple of three mornings later, I went down here to what is now Lynn Texaco Station, on Main Street [199 West Main], and a fellow named Winn Pope was running that station. I had me a little sack with a few clothes in it and I waited until I caught a ride to Craig. When I got to Craig, I didn't know what I was going to do, but I went down to the stockyards and there happened to be a fellow there with sheep that I'd worked for in the summer up there in Colorado and he give me a job, a dollar a day, and so I took that job.

KI: By this time your mother had remarried, hadn't she?

Jay: Yes, we're skipping a lot of mileage.

KI: Let's so back.

Jay: She got married in 1928 to a nice fellow, W.H. Howard. We called him Dad Howard. He was just real, many stepfathers and people don't get along, but I don't believe he ever said a harsh word to me in all the years he was alive. We were just real close with him. After she married him, why, we went up to Craig to his ranch each summer. He had a herd of sheep and we'd go up to his ranch in the spring. I usually got a job at another ranch, some other people. I was thirteen and I got a job haying for a man and his wife, Marvin and Mary Officer. Gosh, they were good to me. They just treated me like parents, you know? So, I spent the summer there for them until the time to go to school. The next year, I believe I worked for Bren Sullivan, and the same way and he was the guy that I got the job from out of Craig in '32. His name was Brendon, but they called him Bren. He had a brother called Vinnie, but his name was Vincent.

Anyway, that winter, of '32-'33, well, I turned nineteen in December. That fall of '32 there were three or four grown men that worked there, but, of course, those days people would take a job for the board. Getting a dollar a day, that was pretty good pay 'cause things was tough. They have no idea how tough unless they lived them. I was fortunate enough that I had a job. So, when fall come that time, why, I supposed that I'd be out of a job, that he'd put on one of those guys to do the feeding that winter, but he kept me. Then we had over four hundred head of cattle and a little bunch of sheep, and a bunch of horses. That was hard work. The snow was deep. It was fifty-four below in Craig that winter. Up there we was at high altitude, about 8,000 feet, why it was thirty-one below. I had to pull out seven loads of hay a day on a sled to feed those cattle. I got kind of rheumatism in my shoulders and I didn't have anything to put on me. We didn't have any of this liniment up there. I learned about oil of wintergreen afterwards, which would work, but I'd lay with my back in the oven, on the stove, at night, you know, on a couple of chairs in order to try to get rid of the damn aggravation. But anyway, I worked that year there for Bren. I don't know why I quit the next fall, in '34, but I did.

KI: So, you went through the next summer?

Jay: I worked the next summer, yes. In the fall, we gathered the cattle and he shipped the cattle. I'd say he shipped two large carloads of cattle, sixty-foot railroad cars. They brought \$1,700. How he kept any of the hands that he had and paid them \$1 a day, I don't know.

KI: It was kind of a break even operation, wasn't it?

Jay: Yeah. Today, I've paid that much for two head, more than that much for two head. You can see what they were up against in that depression time. Well, the government bought a lot of cattle and a lot of sheep then. They paid two dollars a head for the sheep and killed them, and I think two dollars for pigs. Cattle, depending on the size of them, probably run from \$12 to \$15 to maybe a little more per head.

KI: Why did they kill these animals?

Jay: They had too many. There was just too many. They killed them in big bunches, lots of sheep in one place. You just throwed them off in a wash or that and they just shot them.

KI: Did people get the meat?

Jay: If you wanted, yes. Gosh, there was a lot of them good, fat ewes.

KI: So, the government put some money into the economy, but then people got the benefit of the meat as well.

Jay: Well, they couldn't eat all the meat they killed. Just a few people would get the meat, the ones that worked there. The rest of them just went to waste.

KI: That's too bad.

Jay: Yeah, sure. And some of them were culled at \$1.50, of course. But they killed them.

KI: What was life like in the cities, like in Craig and in Vernal, during the Depression?

Jay: Well, I have people tell me, "Well, that's a dollar and you lived in the good old days when a dollar would buy something." Well, there was a little café up there in Craig, and I could usually go in and buy a stack of pancakes and there'd be three big cakes, all that you could fit on a plate, you wouldn't have room to put syrup on there, for twenty-five cents. Well, if you had a job for a dollar a day, that was twenty-five percent of your pay. So, let you or anybody else go in today and have to pay twenty-five percent of your pay for a stack of hotcakes. You'd think you was kind of being robbed, wouldn't you? So, that's the proportion of what you paid.

The only money you spent was just for a pair of Levis and what you could wear because that was about all you could afford, see. Of course, coffee was a nickle a cup, the rest of the food was proportionately [priced] in the cafes. I was down in Scottsdale one year and I took a picture of a menu they had in a café there from back in those days. I don't know whatever happened to it, maybe it didn't turn out good, but anyway, my golly, for a few cents you bought a steak. I just couldn't believe what it was. Now, when you figure what a day's pay would buy... The way I tell them when they tell me a dollar would buy something, I figure what a day's pay would buy. You've got to determine it from that, not what a dollar buys. I believe the cheapest Levis I bought, it seems like, was \$1.85. Today those same Levis is \$30 or such a matter.

KI: But the \$1.85 was almost two days' pay.

Jay: Yeah, that's right. If they had to give two days' pay for a pair of Levis, they'd think it was pretty high, wouldn't they?

KI: Yes, they surely would.

Jay: You bet. Over there in Craig, that winter that I worked for Sullivan and fed cattle, it

happened that a fellow here on Blue Mountain, Red Wash Jones, he died. Maybe you've run into him. Well, the fellow that was administrator for his estate was a fellow named Ralph Reeves. He lived up on Williams Fork, that's out south of Craig. That's where I was at, was on the upper end of Williams Fork. He took a lot of Red Wash Jones's horses up there and sold them. So, a guy with me, old Gene Parker, we decided that he'd go down and get us one of those horses. He paid \$20 for his gelding and he bought me a mare for \$10. I called her Old Ratty, but she turned out to be a real good horse. The only thing, you didn't know when she was going to buck. It was eight miles down to the store in Pagoda, from up at that ranch, and I've had her buck eight times on the way down to the store. I smoked a pipe then, and if I happened to have a pipe in my mouth then, I'd snap the stem off. But anyway, I kept her. I had to throw her to get a saddle on her. By golly!

But anyway, I ended up, years later, selling her to a fellow named McCormick who was a horse buyer. He bought re-mount horses for the government and he also bought other kinds, all horses. A lot of these horses he shipped down south and they used them to cultivate in the cotton. So, I sold him Old Ratty. He come out and I got hold of her and had her... She would strike you, sometimes, with her front foot, you know. But anyway, he walked around her and said, "Sure a gentle little old thing, isn't she?" So, I didn't say anything about that. Anyway, he bought her and I had to deliver her over there to the Green Cattle Company Ranch. They were a big outfit on Williams Fork. He must have accumulated some horses there and had the truck coming to get them, I guess. Anyway, that's what happened to Old Ratty.

KI: How much did you sell her for, do you remember?

Jay: Forty dollars!

KI: Made a profit then.

Jay: Well, things was looking up.

KI: Did you just continue to work on the ranch over there for several years?

Jay: Yes, I did. I was going to tell you more about that Wild Bill Bailey, down in where I played the mandolin. He met this gal, May Dolvie, she come up out of Houston, Texas. She was a nurse and she came up there to take care of this doctor's son, who was an alcoholic. They bought a place up there. Anyway, it ended up that this Wild Bill Bailey and her got together and they bought a little bunch of cattle. Anyway, he and I was riding up the road together one day. This saddle I had, I didn't like. It seemed to hurt a horse's back someway or another and you'd get a sore back on a horse. Anyway, pretty soon we was talking about trading saddles. He had a better saddle than I had. Someway or another we arrived at \$15 and we just got off in the middle of the road and traded saddles and went on our way. That's where I met those people that ended up down on Peance Creek, they wanted to go to Texas or somewhere and had me come down and take care of their place.

Well, now, I know where I went in '34. My brother Carl was herding sheep for Haller Witbeck. Witbecks were from Vernal. There aren't any of them left anymore. Sam Snyder would be; his mother was a Witbeck. That's about as close as there are left around here. But anyway, so

I went down there, down below Rangely. Well, I come over from Vernal and rode a horse over from Vernal to Rangely. Haller wanted us over there. Then Carl and I, we herded sheep until after lambing, and after lambing, why, they cut the crew down and just kept a couple of guys with the sheep on the mountain on the summer. So, I was out of a job.

Then I went to work for a fellow named Roger Saunders over on Elk Head, which is up east of Craig, stacking hay. My golly, 1934 was the hottest year I can ever remember! It was terrible, and dry. He had a pretty big ranch. He must have put up somewhere around eight hundred to a thousand ton of hay, a lot of hay. I know we saw hay until it was running out our ears.

That fall, I don't remember just what I did after we got that done.

KI: You didn't get married yet, though?

Jay: No, it's a long time. A long time down the road before I hit that. Oh gosh, I did a lot of things around that country there. I worked at some of those ranches and I trapped a lot. I had an old buddy, old Albert Johnson and I, we trapped together a winter or two.

KI: What did you trap?

Jay: Well, probably the best money-making thing we trapped was marten. The marten is comparable to a Russian sable, if you know what that is, you know more about what the marten looks like.

KI: You trapped for the fur?

Jay: Oh, yeah, sold the hides, sold the fur. There were a lot of people each year. Maybe yours weren't. Maybe you're an animal activist that shudders when you see somebody wearing a piece of fur or something? I don't know.

KI: It's okay.

Jay: It doesn't make any difference, because I trapped a lot of beaver, mink, weasel, coyotes, martens, just whatever. It was better than working for a dollar a day.

KI: Who did you sell to?

Jay: Well, the beaver went to a guy up in Wyoming because it was an illegal deal to trap beaver in those days. But I sold to Lee Dustin, who used to live here, but he lived at Meeker at that time. He bought hides and furs. Then there was a guy, Bill Rippey, over to Craig. Another Bill. Later on, we got into the hide and fur business, but that's further down the road yet.

KI: After you sold them to these men, who did they sell them to?

Jay: Oh well, they'd go to people, a lot of them, you mean for fur pieces. All kind of women's stuff. Women didn't used to be scared to wear something made out of fur. Now, a mink coat!



That was pretty classy to have a mink coat, now they turn up their nose because there's so many people... The market today, I don't believe you'd get as much out of one today as we got back in the Depression times. See, you'd get like \$30 for a marten then and now I don't believe you'd get half that, if you could sell them. The same way with beaver, coyotes. Coyotes' hides went for eight to fifteen dollars.

KI: The coyotes, people weren't using their fur, were they?

Jay: Oh, sure. You bet.

KI: I thought they were trapping them because of their effect on animals, wildlife.

Jay: No, there wasn't the effect, there wasn't as much wildlife up there as there is now. There wasn't many elk. There was quite a few deer up in that Colorado country, and a few elk, but not like there is today by thousands and thousands. Many more today than there was then.

KI: So, the trapping was pretty good?

Jay: Yeah, we did all right, and we had lots of fun doing it. We really enjoyed it. One year we had a camp up by Sand Creek, and that's about 7,000 feet, maybe a little better. We left our camp there and we didn't go back and get it until the snow was like this, see. That was a funny deal, not funny, it was a real odd deal. I was riding a young horse, four years old, never been in the snow much, and the other horses that we had, that we packed our camp out on, that Albert was riding, had been raised there. But he'd take a step and he'd mash the snow down and take a step and mash the snow down and where it was crusted, they couldn't walk. And the other horses wouldn't do that. So, I had to break most of the trail.

But anyway, I had a camp one time over by Sleepy Cat. We had to go in and get that camp because we wanted to go trapping muskrats down on Peance Creek.

KI: How did you trap? Explain to me what you used to trap animals.

Jay: Well, you used the traps that they frown on today, a leg trap. This here carnivore trap that they had, that squeezes them to death, why they didn't have that kind of a trap. Well, the first marten I ever caught, and I didn't know what I had, I had to wait until I got to the cabin we had to look at a catalog, a Mass and Stephen's, to see a picture. I was sure of what it was.

I had the bait, you'd take like a rabbit or if you'd caught a muskrat, put some of that back in the can, then just put a little trap in front of it to catch a weasel. The weasel, they call ermine, and that's what a weasel is, ermine.

KI: It was leg trap. Was it a steel trap, as well?

Jay: Oh, yes, a steel trap. There was hardly room for enough of it to get in there. It was a KC Baking Powder can. I always remember catching that darn first marten. I caught that marten and it wasn't in marten country. The higher country was usually more marten country than that was. But anyway, it was dead when I got it. They didn't have much endurance. Very seldom you got

to one when it was alive in the trap. Although, one day I caught in the weasel trap a similar deal.

I had a dang old .22; it was leaded. You don't know what leaded is, but that means there's lead in the barrel. Over shooting so many bullets, the lead has stuck to the barrel so that when your bullet goes out, it's slowed down to the point that it will hardly penetrate anything. So, here I saw I had that marten and I could tell I only had him by not more than two toes. That little old trap he was in, I could have squeeze the springs together like that. I was scared to death I was going to lose that marten, you know, and all I had was damned old .22. But I shot it and got him.

KI: The reason you used the trap was to preserve the majority of the fur, right, instead of shooting them?

Jay: Oh, of course, that's entirely to get the fur. That's the only reason you're trapping.

KI: So, when you shot him with the gun, did you have to be real careful where you shot him?

Jay: I tried to shoot him so it didn't ruin him. A .22 doesn't make much of a hole anyway, but that gun wouldn't have power to make much of a hole. But I was scared to hit him with a stick because I was afraid if I hit the trap instead, why, he was gone, see.

Another camp that I had, and we needed that camp, and I'd left it up there in Salt Park, up next to Sleepy Cat, that's another hike up in there. There's a Sleepy Cat Lodge up in Meeker. They have a lodge up there they call Sleepy Cat and it's named after that piece up by Meeker there. Anyway, we went in on skis to get that camp, or what we could carry out. We were both loaded heavy, coming down out of there on skis. Boy, I went sailing right along. The snow had bent a serviceberry bush down like that and there was just a little sticking up and my ski went under that and I piled out! That old foot, I'll tell you, I couldn't get it in an overshoe the next morning! That was two experiences I had with that there. I drug it under a sled, a sled like you feed cattle on, a big sled. In fact, it was a wide-gauge. We called it a wide-gauge sled. They have a wide one and a narrow one. The wide one would stand up better. My toe caught on that and went back between that and a rock, and man! I mashed that foot. But anyway, I got out of that country.

Now, let's see. Oh, I've moved camp, sheep camp, for a couple of different outfits. We come down here on the winter range, right here between here and Elk Springs, that country in there. I was working for Paul Jensen, he was a sheepman. Wood decided to build him a warehouse over by Craig [Colorado] and wanted me to come over there and so I did. But I was registered for the draft in Meeker. That's where the draft board was that I was attached to. So, I certainly wasn't doing anything that would help the condition as far as being not eligible to go, even though this one fellow, Joe Livingston, took me down to his camp and he would have set me up in business if I could have got out of it. He tried hard to get me out of the Army, but he never was able to, I didn't ever get that done. But anyway, in April of '42...

KI: So, that whole time there, all the way through the thirties, you were just still ranching and trapping?

Jay: Yeah. I bought me a place, a little ranch, out east of Craig, and hadn't got it paid for or anything, but I had it tied up. Anyway, I had to go to the service. I went from there to Fort Logan,

Denver. That's where we were inducted, sworn in. I'll tell you about the swearing in. There was a guy, happened to be a guy from here, his name was Bryant, I can't tell you his first name. When we was taking the oath, he was standing right behind me. Of course he'd been drunk the night before and he had to let that go all over my back when he was taking the oath. I had on a leather jacket and it didn't hurt anything, it just run down. Right while we was taking the oath, he urped.

Anyway, I went from there to Shepherd Field, Texas, Wichita Falls, and I have eczema so bad, my hands, that I had a bunch of trouble with them, so they had me in the hospital there for about three months and never could do anything with it, so as a result I was on limited service, so I couldn't go overseas.

I went from there to Harlingen, Texas, and that's where I saw my first oranges that I ever saw, live oranges on the trees. It was right close to the Rio Grande River.

KI: You'd never seen oranges up here when you were a kid?

Jay: Well, not on a tree, growing. From there I went to New Orleans, Louisiana.

KI: What were you trained to do?

Jay: Right up to then, I hadn't trained for anything. But from there, I was shipped back up to Fort Logan, then I become a clerk-typist, got a number 405, my classification number. So, I worked in offices after that. But all the organizations that I was with, I was attached to before they went overseas. So, all of their rank and everything went to the personnel who were going overseas. I was just there to help until they got ready to go, then guys like me would go to someplace else.

From there, I went to Tallahassee, Florida. I don't know why they sent me to Tallahassee, Florida, because I didn't do anything there. I did nothing. From there to Greenville, South Carolina, and all we did, well, that was a new organization and man, they had them big old wood stoves to cook on and we hauled wood for them stoves. That's what they had in the mess hall was them stoves. You had individual huts for four or five of you.

From there I went to Rome, New York. At Rome I went to a classification school at Brookings, South Dakota.

KI: They just had you all over this country, didn't they?

Jay: Yes, and I got the classification number of 275, which means, you interviewed people on the kind of work they were doing, that they were working in their proper classification, whether there was a cook doing diesel mechanic or vice versa and stuff like that. I did good at that school. If I could brag a little about an old farmer. At that Brookings, the college was shut down on account of the war and so we were in there going. Before I was through, and in that room, there was me, a principal out of Oregon, a guy who had gone to Purdue University seven years, and then there was a guy named Crest, he was a young fellow, he had had one year of schooling. Then they had a dummy class, we called it, for the ones who weren't keeping up in the class. The two guys who had to go to the dummy class were the principal and the guy who had seven years at Purdue. I didn't ever have to go to that and they'd have to go.

Begin Tape 340

Jay: At that school, the name of the book that you studied was the DOT, Dictionary of Occupational Titles. That book was like that thick. It had every kind of occupation that there was in it. So, you learned what you were supposed to do interviewing people, also, and your bookwork. So, after I went back to Rome, I was in an IBM, first time I ever saw IBM equipment.

KI: What kind of equipment was it?

Jay: Well, it was in keeping track of personnel within the military service command, but, you know how your government bank cards are all punched with holes? Well, they had those machines in there. We could put a deck of cards in the machine like that and set it to come out on grade, on classification, on spec numbers or whatever on whoever was working in this classification or what they were classified for, run that through, it would all come out on a tape. You'd have a tape longer than this house here.

KI: It was a way, way, way early computer. [Eg: an early main frame, punch card computer]

Jay: Well, I suppose, same thing they do on a computer. I don't know anything about a computer, but I did work in that kind of op and that was the same deal I was classified for as far as my classification number, 275, see. But you'd have to send a list of all the people in your area to the Air Service Command, which was at Patterson Field. That's what you would do. It would show whether you had a truck driver, a 245, was working as a sheet metal worker, class line 5. It would show if you got someone who belongs in a certain classification that needs to be transferred, why, you could take it off that tape we'd send. That was amazing to me then, but today they're way ahead of that. That's old time stuff now. But, yes and no. Don't your checks or something still come punched like that?

KI: No.

Jay: Don't they? They don't punch them?

KI: They don't even send checks anymore. They direct deposit everything.

Jay: Well, most of them. They don't all do it.

KI: The government checks I have seen, they're not punched anymore.

Jay: I've not noticed it either. But they used to all be key punched. You run them through that and that was quite a big deal, as far as I was concerned.

KI: Well, sure.

Jay: So, I got on an auditing team there. We would fly down to Massachusetts and up to Holton. Well, when we went to Holton, Maine, we went on a train, over to Buffalo, New York, we'd go on a train. But a lot of times we'd catch a ride back on a plane if a plane was coming to Rome,

when we was coming home.

We went to Holton, Maine, on this audit deal and they needed a 275 up there. That was my classification number. So, when I got back, I asked them why they didn't send me to Holton, Maine. I liked the country. When we were up there, it was snowy, but I liked the country. So, they shipped me back to Holton, Maine, as a 275. These audit deals, what I would do, my part of the thing was the personnel director. Not the officers, the officers' card was a 66, but personnel, everyone was listed on a Form 21, and so I had to take care of that as to how they were working according to what they were doing and make a report on a Form 21 to everybody off of that. So anyway, they shipped me up to Holton and now we're getting close to where I met my wife. In fact, we're right there.

I had a good deal up there. It was kind of in a reduced state, the base was. They were talking of closing it down.

KI: What year was this?

Jay: The war was over in 1945, so it would be '44.

KI: I wanted to know if the war was still going on.

Jay: Oh, yeah, all this was in the Army. So, while I was there, I had lots of fun, but even though I was only a private first class, because I never belonged to a unit that had any promotional ability, I was always attached to an outfit going overseas, so while I was there, we had a little PX [post exchange] or a little unit in the dayroom, which sold beer and candy bars and stuff like that. I was in charge of that. We had a theater. I was in charge of that. We had another PX, it was in the mess hall and they only had to open it during the hours the mess hall was open. Other than that, why, I didn't have to open it. I had that. The officers' club had a deal in their club that served sandwiches and liquor and stuff like that, and I was in charge of that there.

So between all the deals, why, I had a pretty good racket going. If I wanted to go to town for something, I'd get someone to take my place, or fit in there if I didn't. But anyway, I had a good thing going. Anyway, I met my wife there, but we weren't married. I went back to Rome, New York.

KI: Is that where she's from, Maine?

Jay: She was from right close to Holton. She was from Maine.

KI: She was a civilian when you met her?

Jay: Yeah, she was a nurse. She had just graduated. But I went back to Rome. I don't remember, maybe four or five months, she came down to Rome and we were married. It isn't everybody can be married in Rome, you know! So, that's why we were married in Rome. But it was Rome, New York.

KI: Right, because Rome, Italy, was in a pretty big mess right then.

Jay: Yeah. So, Milt happened to be in the service, I think he was in Virginia. He'd come back from overseas. He came down to it. Well, I think he didn't get there until the next day, actually, our wedding deal. We had it at a hotel. We had a good time. We stayed there until, well, that's where I was discharged from, was Rome. In June '45.

KI: Was that just after the war ended in Europe then?

Jay: Yes. But then my wife was from Maine, so we went back up to Maine, visited with her folks for a while, then come back to Vernal. I wanted to mention, I come home from Shepherd Field and Harlingen, Texas; Greenville, South Carolina; Rome, New York; and Brookings, South Dakota. I got a delay en route coming home from there. I thought I got a delay en route from Fort Logan. All those times I was just a Pfc., which was \$54 a month. It went from \$21 my first paycheck [Jay entered the service 19 April 1942], and I separated on 16 June [1945] and they just handed me a ten dollar bill because they make you take out insurance and that was my payday. But I come home from all of those places, and I never had to take any money from home. Never anybody sent me any money, it wasn't necessary. I had money in the bank. A lot of guys, the first night after payday, they was broke. If they went home on a furlough, then somebody had to send them money to come. But I came from all those places. We came home from Maine and we went back up to Maine, and back here, on what we made, see. And I had a good time. I wasn't short of having fun.

One place in Rome there, I did buy a few cars, Model A's. I'd had a Model A and I kind of knew something about them and when I'd see one advertised, I'd go buy it. Then I'd either fix it up a little or sell it to someone on the base or run it back through the paper and sell it again. So, I made a few buck on that. But other than that, you didn't have any chance to make any money other than when I was up in Holton there.

KI: Your mom had never met your wife then until you brought her home?

Jay: No. She was a nice gal. She was an RN.

KI: What was her name?

Jay: Pat. Priscilla was her name.

KI: What was her maiden name?

Jay: Grant. Her mother came out here afterwards and married. I was going to say you knew him, but I guess you don't. Do you know my nephew, George Searle? Well, she married his uncle, Fran Willis.

KI: She came out here to stay with you and while she was here she met him?

Jay: Yeah. And they had a good life until he had a heart attack.

End of tape.

This is Kathi Irving. I'm with Jay Searle. Today is 11 June 2003. We're at his home. This is the third tape in this series.

Jay Searle (Jay): Speaking of Diamond Mountain. I wasn't born up there, but my very, very early days, from when I was just a tiny boy, we spent our time, every summer up on Diamond Mountain.

KI: Why is that?

Jay: Well, my father was a cattleman and so that's where he drove cattle, is on there. Eventually, both my mother and my father filed on a homestead.

KI: How many acres were their homesteads?

Jay: Well, see, when they first filed on the homestead, it might have been only 160, because that's all that was allowed, but then the government extended that. They could have 320 acres. But that still was not enough to make a living on, so they extended it to 640 acres. Whether we finally got a total of 640, by that time, Diamond Mountain was so taken up, had been filed up on, that all there was left around there to speak of was just a few vacant forty-acre plots or eight acres here or there. But to get it into one piece was pretty difficult to do. A lot of them filed on those forties, then they exchanged with somebody else. So, eventually, it was put together into some pretty big plots, but it took a long time. A lot of the farmers tried to make their living up there.

KI: Would it be farmers or ranchers?

Jay: Well, we call them dry land farmers, because that's what it was: dry land farming. But I remember as a kid going down to this place of Theodore Johnson's and they had a combine. They must have had, oh, ten head of horses on that to pull that outfit. So, it was a very profitable deal. There wasn't anybody ever made any money on dry land farming in the early days. I'll tell you later on, my brother, that's the way he made his living up there, but that was after they got better equipment.

KI: What did they grow?

Jay: Wheat and barley, mostly. Oats. I knew one fellow, J.I. Gumaer, they raised rye.

KI: His last name is Gumaer?

Jay: You probably haven't heard of him, not like NJ Meagher. I don't know how to spell it. His partner, his live-in partner, we called Lady Dick Atcheson. Why they ever came here, I don't believe anybody ever arrived at a conclusion. But she came from down in Florida somewhere and she had a lot of nice things, including a stuffed alligator, up on that farm.

Speaking of them, I remember one time. She smoked a pipe and she had her teeth pulled out. She had a wire harness up over her ears to hold that pipe in her mouth because she couldn't close her mouth tight enough to hold the stem of the pipe. But they weren't combining this rye, they were cutting it and putting it up for hay. But they were workers.

I'm getting away from the early days, but as long as I'm on J.I. Gumaer, they were pretty much independent, stayed by themselves, and didn't associate too much with other people. We always wondered if maybe the reason they were there, that he was there or something, is because he was in trouble with the law or something. We didn't know.

Probably someone who's told you this story would know a little better than I, but one time, Tom McKeachnie was a-bringing his sheep off the mountain and they kind of got in the position where they had to stop when night come. Apparently they stopped on J.I. Gumaer's ground. That night, J.I. Gumaer just come out and hollered at them and he shot him right in the chest with a shot gun. Gumaer shot Tom McKeachnie. I don't know whether it went through the door or what, but anyway, it didn't kill the man, but apparently it knocked him down. A fellow, Al Hunting, was with him at that time. I don't think they ever did anything to Jack. We called him Jack Gumaer. I don't think they ever did anything to him for that.

They'd stay on Diamond Mountain the year round. That was pretty tough going in the winter time. There's a place underneath the area where they lived called Squaw Springs, which is on the face of Diamond Mountain and they would come down, under there. They had a little shack under there and that's where they wintered rather than up on top. One thing I remember: they had some dogs and they were mean. One thing they did with those dogs, or one of them at least, now when it come night time and it was cold, why, they raised the covers down at the bottom of the bed and he crawled in there, so they had a foot warmer. They had something to stay warm by.

Eventually, Jack Gumaer left there, and there's probably a lot I don't know, but he moved right here in Vernal and lived right down in town. There's not any house now where he lived, the house is torn down. Then they told me, I heard that he went somewhere and become an officer of the law.

KI: Did the lady stay with him?

Jay: I think so. She was a well-educated woman. I don't know anything about him, but she was a well-educated woman. I don't know but that she might have been a nurse, but I won't say that for sure. But anyway, that's when they left here, when he went wherever and we heard he become an officer of the law somewhere.

I'll go back. We got off on Jack Gumaer. When we first came up on the mountain up there, of course, you went in a wagon. That was about the only way to go.

KI: About how old were you?

Jay: Well, when I first went, I'd say I was about, like five, then we went every year after that



until my father was killed. He was killed in 1923 on October 11, struck by lightning, out there on the face of the mountain.

KI: How old were you then?

Jay: I was eight. My younger brother, Milton, he was born just a month to the day afterward. His birthday is 11 November. My mother, she had five ornery boys to raise. In those days it was a lot different. There wasn't all these hand-out programs that they've got today. Anymore, you go down and get Social Services or some kind of a government hand-out right off. But there wasn't any in those days.

So, after Father was killed, we went up there in the summer time to prove up on both her homestead and Father's homestead, the government allowed that. Everybody had to do something. I was talking to Milt the other day: somebody at the end of the what we called the Groves, why, we had a team, old Maude and Darky, and I could harness them horses, get the collar on by putting it upside down, buckling it, and turning it back over and leading them alongside the reservoir bank or something and get it on.

Also, my uncle and older brother and probably my cousin was a-building sheep corral right close there. You had to put so much improvement on the place to prove up. You had to live so long [on it] and put in so much time.

KI: So, were you mostly doing improvements, or did you take up cows or sheep?

Jay: All we had as animals was some milk cows. We went to lots of sheep up there. We got bum lambs and raised bum lambs off of the milk of them cows. At that time, that was all the livestock we had.

Anyway, I was going to tell you about while they was building that corral. When they built the reservoir, they would come and help me plow the dirt loose, then they would go back and work on the corral, well, one of them would come over. Then I would take what we called a slush scraper and scrape the dirt they had plowed and dig it out to make a bottom in there for a reservoir. We did that and we thought we had built a pretty good reservoir, or I thought it was pretty good, until I was back there just not too many years ago and I think it had to have filled in an awful lot because it doesn't look much more than a buffalo wallow. Anyway, that was one of things that we did for improvement.

KI: Where did the water come from?

Jay: Well, where my mother's homestead was went right along the face of that big hill. There was four quaky groves. There was a division between each one. There was always a big drift between them and on this end grove there was always a big drift.

KI: Snowdrift?

Jay: Snowdrift, yes. What didn't run off early in the spring, why, that snowdrift would, oh, well, we've seen it last until close to the first of July. Anyway, I thought that was quite a pond I'd built until I saw it later. It seemed like a lot of work then.

KI: Well, it is a lot of work when you're just using animals and scrapers.

Jay: Yep. But that was the only way they had of doing things then. They had fresno scrapers and wood tongue scrapers, but the slush scraper is just built about like that chair is right over there, the bottom of that chair and the back of it, only a little bigger with a couple of handles back here and sharp on the front. Your team pulled that into the dirt, then you pushed down on it and it just slid along with that full of dirt. Then you raised it up and dumped it when you got there.

KI: You would have been quite a young boy to be working on that, wouldn't you?

Jay: I would have been nine or ten. But the first part of that year after my father was killed, in gathering bum lambs, somewhere or another we met these people, this here foreman for a sheep man. Guy Samuels was the man who owned the sheep, but the old Mexican who was foreman, I don't know him, but he give me a job tending ewes and lambs. During the lambing time, the herd would move from an area each day and they would call that a drop, whatever lambs was born then. Then they moved the herd to another area and kind of hold it in that area and you got another drop. He give me a drop, kind of keeping between these ewes and lambs. A lot of times the ewes, if they had twins, she might pick up and take one lamb and go to the other herd, but if you've kind of kept them separate for a while until the lambs get to know their mother and the routine, then you can throw them all together, but they do that just as casually as they can.

Anyway, to start with I rode a horse we called Old Munk and I rode from over there to these groves over to this Mud Springs area. I would imagine that through there is probably three miles, two to three miles, something like that. At that time there was homestead fences everywhere, there wasn't gates in short directions. You'd go and a lot of times there wasn't gates. So, we had to knock the staples off of two or three posts and then we just stepped down on it and hooked the wire to the bottom post and lead your horse across. So, I wouldn't go home until dark and, of course, my old horse, he knew where he was going, I didn't need to worry about that. But Mother, she was worried about me. She'd get out on that hill up there and wave a lantern. She prayed I'd find my way back home. By daylight I was back over there again. That was one of my first jobs.

KI: Did you have to dock the lambs?

Jay: Well, later on, you bet.

KI: Please explain that to me.

Jay: Oh, I docked thousands and thousands.

KI: Tell me how you did it.

Jay: How we did it? Well, in those days, they do it a little different today, but in those days, one man would hold the lamb by the four legs, set him on a pole or a board there. Then you'd cut the bag off and you'd reach down with your teeth and you pulled testicles out. I have done many,

many of those.

KI: How do you deal with that?

Jay: Well, you know, when you grow up under those circumstances and that's the way everybody does it, I guess it's just habit, you just do it.

KI: Don't they put bands on them now?

Jay: Yeah, elastic bands, elastators they call them now. They use those more. They don't lose as many that way. A lot of times if you was docking a lot of lambs and you had three or four hundred lambs, why, you'd lose two or three, they'd bleed to death as a result of that. Sometimes maybe even more than that, but you usually lost something by it.

Then you'd try to keep those sheep in smaller packages as you can as long as you can. That gives the ewe and lamb more [time] to get adjusted to being in a bunch. You see, those lambs, there'll be a bank or a wash or something and those lambs will get together and there will be two or three hundred of them just a-running back and forth, having the biggest time in the world, and that old mother, she's bawling and trying to get them to stop, to find her lamb. You wonder, well, how do they ever get back together. But when they quit running and playing, why, the blatting must all be a little different, because they recognize that blat right off. Of course, when they go to nurse, suck, why, that old ewe can smell them and she knows whether someone, one of them other lambs, is a-stealing milk. A lot of times you have bums which every time a ewe stops, why, he tries to get one of the tits and steal milk because his mother's died or something and he's trying to survive. But she can tell immediately by smell whether that is her smell or not.

KI: Is that where you got your bum lambs?

Jay: At every one of those drops that they have, each day or night, why, there is always a ewe maybe won't take a lamb, she'll take one, but she won't take two. Maybe she's got a bad bag on one side and can only nurse one, or maybe one of them even died, or she's taken one and gone with it and left the other. Many reasons for creating bum lambs. Then you made a trip around them. My older brother, at that time, was the one that made that.

KI: What was your older brother's name?

Jay: Raymond, Ray we called him. He was fourteen. Well, he turned fifteen right after Father was killed. His birthday was 15 October, so he was fifteen years old. So, he was man of the house around our place as far as age and everything was concerned. Then my next brother to him was Carl, and he couldn't stay around hay or anything like that, he had asthma so bad. He spent most of his school years after Father was killed, why, he spent them in Salt Lake with my Grandfather and Grandmother Searle. That's where he went to high school. Except his last year of high school, he went here.

But anyway, back to that early age. You just did things you won't believe. Today, not then, they'd take the kid away from you. Take them to Social Services if he worked like you did

then. My mother had to go to town and I took her in the wagon. I might have been eleven, I couldn't have been more. But coming off of Diamond Mountain, over on that old road, not the road that you go up Diamond now, but the old road, there was a place you could take a shortcut, but it was down a steep, rocky place. But old rocks, too. It maybe saved you a half hour or something. So, I took her and we went down over that Lucene cutoff, we called it, with a team and a wagon. Before we started off, we put on what you call a rough lock, on both wheels. A rough lock is, you take a chain from the bed of the wagon, down around the wheels, where you take the knot, it lets the chain slide right on the bottom of the wheels, so that actually that knotted chain is what is dragging in the ground. If you was smooth locking it, why, you'd lock the chain up higher, and then it would keep the wheel from turning, but it would be sliding on the rim of the tire.

So, we had it rough locked and went down over that place, but she allowed that would never happen again. It was one of those experience that I guess, being a kid, I thought I could do anything. We did that. That's an incident that happened there.

KI: How did your mother support you?

Jay: Well, my father did have an insurance policy. It was \$6,000. Those days, that was quite a little money. \$6,000 then is probably like, of what, \$60,000 or \$70,000, I suppose. That lasted for a while. I'll tell you about her getting a job later. Anyway, Mother and my cousin, Beulah Freestone, and us kids, we had a buckboard. A buckboard is a small replica of a wagon. It's four-wheeled like that, only several steps down between a buckboard and a wagon. We'd go around in our leisure time, for a picnic or whatnot, drive over the mountain, go to where the sheep camps had been. The herds had already moved to the forest, so the old campsites was there. Sometimes we'd pick up bottling jars or something like that.

But anyway, this one evening, after Beulah and Mother got home, why, they decided to take a ride down the gulch below the Freestone place. In doing so, on the one side of the bit, on old Maud, the ring was kind of a jointed ring, it wasn't solid. It was one that you'd kind of snap in there. They was going down there and she pulled on the lines for something and that come apart and, of course, the bit come out of the horse's mouth and so they took off. I don't know how bad they really run, but anyway, two shepherders, Roland McNeil, Leland's father, and another fellow, I believe Hatch Murray, was herding sheep for John S. Hacking and they was up on a hill on the other side and they saw what was going on and they went down and caught the team.

Milt was just a baby, see, he was born in November, and that was the next summer, so you can see how old he was. Either Mother or Beulah [Freestone] pitched him out into a sagebush when they started going. Anyway, they got the team back and got him gathered up. I'll be darned, they was worried to death about him, so they come to town in the buckboard, in the wagon. That's twenty-five miles up there. Twenty-five miles. You can run up there in a few minutes in a car, you know, but not in a wagon or a buckboard. They got the doctor up. Hell, he was fine. There wasn't anything wrong with him. Not a thing about him that was hurt.

Anyway, that was over by Willow Springs where Mother's homestead was and that's where we were working then.

KI: So, your parents' homesteads did not join?

Jay: No. No, they were like five, six miles apart. But we had to go over there and put in some time on that homestead to prove up on that. I don't know where Mother got the sheep wagon, but anyway, we had a sheep wagon. I'm going to tell you one other thing about this before I get over in Blair Basin. This old homestead of Mother's there, we went to Johnson Sawmill, which was up Kane Hollow, over on the forest, and got, we called them slabs. They were sawed on both sides, but they weren't edged slabs like we refer to. We built a little old house, like probably big enough for a bed and a table and chairs and stuff, just a little one. That was part of the improvement.

KI: What did you call your mom's property?

Jay: Willow Springs.

KI: And your dad's was in Blair Basin?

Jay: Yeah. Her property isn't right at Willow Springs, but it's just below Willow Springs. That's one way of giving you an idea.

Anyway, we built that little old cabin. Of course, it was nice to have a place to put a bed in. We had an old .22. The barrel was leaded. You probably don't know what a leaded barrel is on a gun, but shooting those old lead bullets, why, eventually, some of the lead will wipe off on your rifles, in the barrel. The rifles is a deal that turns so that the bullet, when it's ejected, will go. Well, as that lead builds up, why, the bullet you shoot has less power. That retards its velocity going out of there. One day, somebody got the gun and they shot up against that ceiling in that old cabin and it just hit up there, it didn't go through, it just fell back down on the bed, the lead! You see, it didn't have much power. It wouldn't eject the shells out of it, so you had to use a horseshoe nail to drive in the cap to get the shell out to shoot another one. You could kill a sage chicken, which was illegal, but everybody done it. That was part of your existence.

Anyway, then we went over to Blair Basin. Like I was saying, we had that sheep wagon. At that time, I've never known who my father bought... He must have bought a relinquishment from somebody. A relinquishment is, somebody files on the property. They start to build and decide they can't prove up, so they'll sell the right to that property, to take that property. But there was an old cabin over there, but it didn't have a roof on it, just the square logs going up. So that's where we stayed. At that time there wasn't any water right on our property in there. So, down at what we called McKee Springs is where we had go for water. We had a five-gallon tin can, a honey can we called it, a five-gallon can with a handle on the top, and we had a five-gallon water bag, canvas water bag. You could hang one on one side of the saddle horn and one on the other side. That's the way we got the water for our domestic use.

KI: How far away was the spring?

Jay: Oh, it was about two miles, I guess, a mile and three-quarters, or something.

KI: Pretty heavy for a horse to pack, though.

Jay: Yeah, especially when there was a kid riding in the saddle! I tell you, you didn't waste any water. Today I've still got part of that property and I have developed water on that with these here modern means.

KI: Did you dig a well?

Jay: I've dug several of those. At one place on that hillside I had a fellow go in there with a bulldozer and he went fourteen foot deep up on that one end, next to the hill, and then started out on grade, out to nothing, out there. But he run it down to the water. So at that time there wasn't a backhoe around here and I had a track hoe come in from Craig and he dug another about twelve feet, something like that, but he made that as deep as he could dig and had a place to lay the dirt out. We referred to that as a project. I don't believe it has ever been dry since then, really dry, but it has got down to a point where it just had a kind of a long drip to it. But most of the time, why, there's plenty of water.

I've got a house up there; we've got water, but I've developed two or three other places, too, where there's water now. But you didn't have the means, you didn't have the backhoes and the bulldozers. Everything was done with a team and a scraper and a plow. But with the means we have today, I've got eight places to water livestock on that place. The other part, my older brother Ray, that belonged to him. Of course, his family has it now. I don't know which one's on it.

KI: Do you have people who rent your property now?

Jay: No. My son, he just runs cattle up there.

KI: Which son would this be?

Jay: I only have one. Terry. His name is Terrance, but he's always been Terry.

Anyway, that's how we got the water for domestic use. On wash day we'd go down to the spring and Mother had what we used to call a wash boiler, it was about two-and-a-half foot long. We heated the water there and she had a scrubbing board and that's the way she did the laundry and we helped. That's the way you did your washing.

KI: Boy, that was a lot of work, wasn't it?

Jay: Yeah. At that time we just had four head of horses. We had two saddle horses, old Maud and old Darky. They were branded Lazy MB on the left hip, the two saddle horses. Then old Maud, the gray mare, was branded Z Bar 7 on the left hip. She was gray and the brand showed up. That was my Grandfather Searle's brand.

Old Shorty was so lazy, you couldn't hardly whip him. He was always in good shape, fleshy, you know. You had to beat him, prett' near, to get him into a lope. He just was lazy. So one day, I don't remember where, my brother left him with Chivers, but anyway, he traded horses with them. He traded old Shorty for what we called a little roan. He was just as skinny as old Shorty was fat. I'll tell you, he had a back bone!

The problem was, we only had two saddles. We had father's saddle and a side saddle that

my Grandmother Searle had given to my mother. That's the two saddles we had. Some way or another, maybe someone tried to pull something with that saddle of Mother's and broke it. And so, I was riding bareback. People working for N.J. Preece, some fellows, they were all McCarrell brothers, Oz and Thede and Wallace McCarrell was all working for him. They was always so good to us kids. My gosh, they was great. One day Oz, he had a real high pitched voice, he said, "If you go to town, I'll give you a saddle if you'll go down and get it!" I was probably eleven, so I headed to town on the little roan and he had that awful back. He had nothing but a razor back.

From over there, well, the way we'd go down, it was probably thirty miles, something like that. I was going to Lonnie McCarrell's to get the saddle, but I don't think he and Oz were brothers, but I think they were cousins. He says, "Don't you tell them that I'm giving you the saddle or they won't let you have it." He said, "Tell them I just want it or something like that." So, I went and got the saddle. The seat on it was broke loose from the cantle, we call it. It was broke loose from the tree on the saddle. The tree is the two pieces that fit along the sides of the horse. The leather was all over it, but it was loose from there.

Anyway, this little roan was supposed to be a racehorse. So I went up to my Grandfather Batty's, up here in the Glines Ward, to stay. I played and didn't get going. Well, every kid that come by with a horse, I raced them, but I don't believe I ever did outrun anybody. But I took all the soup out of that little old horse. So, I started to the mountain. I didn't leave until kind of in the afternoon, playing with the kids, you know. I got about halfway up Steinaker Draw, just past the turn up there, and that little horse give out on me. I was just a kid. I walked and led him back down to right where the Steinaker Dam is now.

A fellow named Horace Caldwell lived there, Larsen Caldwell's dad. I went to the house. It was getting evening time. I went to the house and told Mrs. Caldwell my situation. Well, she says, "You'll have to go out to the corral and talk to Mr. Caldwell, he's out milking the cows." So, they put me up for the night. The next morning I started for the mountain. That little old horse, he was, I call it fagged, he didn't have much. It was way after dark when I got to the mountain. He knew where we was going. I tied the strings around the horn so if I fell asleep, why, I wouldn't fall out of the saddle. Then that night I only made it to what was called the Freestone place. That was my uncle and aunt that lived there. Then the next day I went on over to Blair Basin. So that was an experience on its own.

KI: What did your mom say when you got back finally?

Jay: Well, I wonder how she did it. A lot of people would be so frantically crazy, "Where is that kid? What is he doing?" But I don't know whether she worried like that. She was such a wonderful person and so concerned about her kids. But someway or another, I guess that was just the times. They didn't worry about their kids walking down the street and somebody picking them up. Those times was different.

There was one thing about that little roan. You couldn't catch him. I mean literally. You could hobble him on the front feet, you could hobble him on one front foot and one hind foot, and you couldn't catch him. But if you hobbled him on one front foot and one hind foot on the other side, why he couldn't manipulate and you could catch him. But he was the hardest horse to catch you ever saw. It was just an experience.

KI: Did you have him for a long time?

Jay: I don't know what happened to that horse. I haven't any idea what happened to that horse. Maybe Ray traded him off. I don't know. See, after Father was killed, I ended up spending quite a lot of time being, you can call it farmed out. I stayed with my uncles and aunts. I stayed up here with Don and Ivan Batty.

KI: Is Don an uncle?

Jay: Yeah. Ivan is the oldest, but Don and Ivan were brothers.

KI: Brothers to your mom?

Jay: Yes. Let me see, are we kind of off Diamond Mountain?

KI: Do you want to tell me what you did for fun up there when you didn't have to work?

Jay: Oh, play with the horny toads. There're not any horny toads up there any more. Don't you tell the federal Fish and Wildlife that. They'll have a billion dollars to try to reestablish them if you do! You hardly ever see a horny toad any more.

I don't know. We all had flippers, the forked part of a limb. In the summer time up there, I'm trying to think what we done.

KI: There wasn't a lot of water around to go swimming in, was there?

Jay: No, there wasn't. Well, we had one place we'd go to over in Diamond Gulch and go swimming, but there wasn't a lot of water there at that time of year. There was a beaver dam.

KI: Tell me about the kind of food you ate up there on the mountain. If town was so far away, and you weren't really growing your own food, where did you get food?

Jay: Mother always canned stuff in the summertime. Up there, she wasn't able to do it. I wouldn't doubt that she came down to Vernal at canning time. I wouldn't doubt but that happened. They dried corn, dried apricots and peaches and stuff. Up there to Grandfather and Grandmother Batty's they had some tables that was probably thirty-foot long. Put that corn on there at one time and the apricots or something another time.

KI: Your Grandparents Batty lived in Glines?

Jay: Yes.

KI: So, that's where your mother got most of her produce? She would can with her own mother?

Jay: Well, they had big orchards, too. They had lots of fruit. So, they'd dry that fruit in the summertime up there. We were quite fortunate with those fellows who worked for Preece. Whenever they butchered a mutton, we about always got a leg of it, which helped quite a lot.



They'd bring us a leg of mutton, and that was good. As far as meat, other than sage chickens, after they came on, our way of taking care of meat or anything, we just didn't have a way to do it, as far as keeping it for any length of time. You didn't have a refrigerator or ice or anything like that. So, what we had was what Mother canned or what we bought canned.

Anyway, my uncles Don and Ivan, they bought a bunch of old ewes. I believe they bought them from Woolleys. Not any of the Woolleys around. Well, there's one, Earl, he's a descendant, but there aren't any of the old ones, they're all gone, but they run sheep up there, they had sheep. They bought a bunch of old ewes from them and had them up here in Glines Ward on the west side, in there, up towards Asphalt Ridge, up there where that café is, Niki's. They were back in them cedars. In fact, I herded them sheep up there.

Well, I told Milt a few days ago, I says something about the tunnel. He says, "Where's the tunnel? There's not any tunnel around here." I says, "That canal up there goes through a tunnel, that Highline canal goes right through Sand Rock tunnel." It's right above that Niki's Café, if you go just a little further like you was going over there to McKeachnie's, that trailer park they've got, you cross the canal right there. Well, if you were to go up there a little ways, why, you'd find that that came through a tunnel there. Milt's been here all his life and didn't know that tunnel was here. I couldn't believe that. I thought every kid in the country had been up that tunnel. Anyway, I herded them sheep there that fall.

KI: Which fall would that have been?

Jay: I would have been in the fifth grade, because my teacher was Ivan Perry. My uncle Dan and Don Batty, he had a farm over there and they put up hay and they had those sheep over there and they apparently bought that hay from him and they was feeding them sheep there. I stayed in that sheep camp alone all winter. They wouldn't let me in the house down there because there was so much measles and mumps and they had some babies.

KI: Those were your uncles?

Jay: Yes.

KI: Did you go to school?

Jay: Oh, yes. I was in school then.

KI: So, you'd just get yourself up and go to school?

Jay: Yep. I don't remember how much I had to eat, but anyway, I had enough that I lived. I got by, I'm still here. Didn't kill me. I'm eighty-eight now, so it must not have been too bad.

Anyway, I went there and that spring, along towards spring, they had bucked those sheep up so they would lamb like in March and over on their Highline place, which is, when you come into Vernal, on your left those first farms right there? Well, on your right hand side down there was a big rocky knob. They'd built some sheep corrals there, some sheep sheds, and that's where they lambed those sheep and I helped lamb those sheep. We'd take turns, it was cold, wintery. One guy would stay up two hours or so, then go to bed and somebody's else would get up.

They'd go out every so often and if there was any ewes that had dropped any lambs, why, you'd put them in pens in that shed and whatnot.

But anyway, we lambd those sheep out there. The next spring, why, they took those sheep and they took sheep from several different other people, I don't know who, and we took them to Diamond Mountain. Starting out for Diamond Mountain, we went up the Green Draw, instead of Steinaker Draw. Green Draw is the first draw to your right from Steinaker. Then you ran over the top. You don't remember where Claudius Banks had his ski deal 'cause you wasn't here, but you went over the top right there. That's where I first saw, in those cedars on the other side, the first deer herd I ever remember seeing. There wasn't any deer in the country but I saw three of them. I saw something with a white end and I told them when I got into camp what I saw. "Well, those are deer," they said. I didn't know what they were.

My Uncle Ivan got appendicitis there and so they hauled him back to town and he was operated on, so he didn't help on up the mountain. But we went with those ewes and lambs. My gosh, they're a struggle. Ewes from different places, they want to be one place and ewes from another place, they want to be another. They kind of hold together. But anyway, we got over, going up the face of the mountain after we crossed Little Brush Creek. Where the road crossed then was just to the mouth of the Little Brush Creek Gorge. Today you can see, it looks like a pipeline going up there.

We went and took those sheep up over there and I don't remember how it happened, but a fellow and I, he was a little older than I, Mutt McCarrell—his name wasn't Mutt, but that's what his nickname was all his life—he and I was left to herd the sheep.

KI: He was boy, too, at the time?

Jay: Yeah, he might have been a grade or two grades ahead of me. So, we were left to herd those sheep and where we was at was close to the range where those old woolly ewes had been raised, year after year, so, man, it was a struggle to keep them from going over in there. It was a stormy, wet spring, sleet and snow. Anyway, Mutt, he quit and went home. So, I was left. I was the herder. Then we moved them up on Diamond Gulch. You know the road that comes off Manila road and goes over to Diamond Mountain? Well, if you know when you hit Diamond Gulch, not the first stream you pass. Do you know where Steve Stringham's cabin is? Well anyway, off to the right down in there was where I was herding those sheep. I was eleven, I don't believe I was twelve, I'd say eleven, not any more than that, somewhere in that area. Anyway, I know that we went up in Colorado when I was thirteen, so I know it was at least a year before that. Every night I hung the lantern on the wagon. It was supposed to keep the coyotes away, but I think maybe it was because I was scared. I didn't stay there all summer. Later in the summer, I don't know who they replaced me with, I come down and worked on their ranch up here, hayed, mowed hay, did everything there was to do as far as hay was concerned. I don't remember when I left their place there.

KI: That was your uncles' place?

Jay: Yes, my uncles, Don and Ivan. They lived up there. Uncle Don built a cabin right up below the Central Canal. They had a peach orchard there. They weren't the best peaches. They were good to eat, but they had cling stones. Why they planted all cling stones, I don't know, but gosh,

they were good. During the time they were on, we ate pretty good for a while, ate peaches.

KI: When you were going to school, when you were in fifth grade, you were in the sheep camp out here in the Glines area, did you attend Glines School or did you come down to Central?

Jay: I went to Glines School. It wasn't closed yet, it was going full tilt.

KI: Who were your teachers there? Do you remember?

Jay: Well, I went there in the third grade, too, and Alta Gillman was my teacher in the third grade and Ivan Perry was my teacher in the fifth grade, and maybe sixth, if I went there, and I might have done, I'm not sure, because you had two ages in one class. Old Beef Neck Richins, we called him, he was the principal, LeRoy Richins, he was the principal of the school and he taught one class.

KI: I asked Elva Searle [Jay's sister-in-law] about going to school in Maeser and she said that Maeser was such a long way from Vernal that they were the country bumpkins. Did you have that same feeling between Glines and Vernal?

Jay: Oh, yeah. All of these little areas. Out there where Marv Jackson was, that was out in Frogtown. That was Davis Ward. Years ago, that was the low end of the totem pole, if you lived in Davis Ward, out there in Frogtown. Then as they come this way, further, I don't remember where the division was, what divided Naples from Davis Ward, but there where Marv lives, up there where they church house was. Well, right where he was bishop, where they built that LDS church, I think he was the bishop there then and that's right where the Davis Ward School was. Each one of theses areas, Ashley had a school down there in Ashley Ward.

KI: Tell me what your status was like. Were you a country bumpkin being out here?

Jay: Well, I guess you was, or you was a hick from the sticks or whatever.

KI: Did you know when you came into town that you weren't as acceptable?

Jay: Like they were frowning on you or something? No, I don't think we ever felt frowned on. I didn't really feel that. But maybe I was so stupid, it didn't make any difference.

KI: Elva said she felt, especially when she came to go to high school, that she really felt the stigma of having been out in the country.

Jay: Well, probably. Of course, everybody mixes different. Someone can come in and they know everybody before you can turn around. Others, they sit back in gloom in the corner and by the end of the school year they couldn't tell you who was in the room. They are just that way. But anyway, I went to school up there.

KI: Where was that school located?

Jay: The easiest way to tell you is, if you went to Pizza Hut, to Wingers, if you turned there and went left and went straight down that street, there's kind of a street with not anything on it, well, that's where the school was, about halfway down that road, to the next road. [Approximately 1750 West 1000 South.]

KI: So, it was really between the highway and 1500 South?

Jay: Yes, just about halfway between the highway and that right there. I know that I was over to Lapoint for the seventh grade. There was three grades in that room there. I was in the seventh, eighth and ninth.

Do you know Doris Ross up here? I saw her the other day with a crutch. She's got to be ninety, but she had that crutch. She raises a garden every year. I stopped and talked to her, asked her if she had any roasting ears ready. But anyway, we've always had a lot of fun because her and Mae Neumeyer and Ruth Mott, which is my wife's sister, they took me down and kissed me. I told them I just acted like I was trying to get away, but I was enjoying every minute of it! That's what I tell them now. But we always have a good time.

KI: Why did you move out to Lapoint?

Jay: Well, my mother's sister, Celesta Rasmussen, Grand Rasmussen, do you know Max Rasmussen? It's his father and mother, and I was over there, that's where I went to school in the seventh grade.

KI: Was that one of the times that you were farmed out?

Jay: Yep, in fact, that's where I was when Mother got married to Mr. Howard, then we went up to Colorado.

KI: Okay, I need you to back up just a little bit now and tell me how your mother supported you in Vernal between the time that your dad died and she married Mr. Howard.

Jay: Well, she was very fortunate. One day Rae Ashton, of Ashton Brothers, you know, he called her up and asked her if she wanted to go to work. So, she worked there until she married Mr. Howard. Then she worked there afterward in the wintertime, Christmas time. Yeah, that was a blessing she got that job because Lord only knows she needed it.

KI: It seems to me and you can tell me whether or not you agree with me, but it seems like the Ashtons looked for people like that. They tried to help people.

Jay: Well, I would think so. I would say that Rae Ashton, well, and Les Ashton ahead of him, I think they would go out of their way to help you out, I'm sure. Especially that older bunch. Stew and Ralph, they were good people, too, but Rae Ashton, he was a good citizen, helped a lot of people. A lot of people had charge accounts there. The sheepmen, he'd carry them from the wool time in the spring until lamb selling time in the fall. They just charged everything at Ashton

Brothers, most of them, and that was almost a common deal that he'd pack them.

Ashtons was good for the community. I hated to see it turn out the way it turned out. That was too bad. Of course, I liked old Stew so well, and his brother.

KI: Did you graduate from high school? You didn't, did you?

Jay: Nope. I went into the service. I decided I had taught those school teachers everything they needed to know. They had a lot of stupid teacher in those days! You can see how smart we are!

KI: Milt told me the same thing. I believe we talked about this the other day. So, what happened when you returned from the service?

Jay: I was released from the service in June. Then my wife and I, she come from Maine, my first wife. So, we went up there for probably three weeks. I got to know her people and whatnot, then we headed for Vernal. Well, she had never been out in the country like this. Lots of beautiful, green country back there, everything was green. Well, all those states, I loved them, Vermont and New Hampshire, well, the Carolinas, all of them. I've been fortunate. Unless it's Rhode Island, I believe I've been in every state. That's pretty country up there.

But anyway, we headed back for Vernal on the bus. I believe we arrived here on the Fourth of July. *But*, when we began to get into this country out this side of Maybell, Colorado, Elk Springs, then we come down here to Wiley's Resort, down there at Artesia, it was so hot the lizards' tongues was hanging out. Boy, it was hot.

I said, "Honey, isn't this beautiful?" I think she was ready to go back, oh, my!

KI: What was her name again?

Jay: Her name was Pat. Her name was Priscilla, but we called her Pat.

KI: What was her maiden name?

Jay: Grant. Anyway, she weathered the storm. As I said, it was the Fourth of July when we arrived, no place to live. Woodey had what is now that Freight Damaged Outlet [528 West Main, Vernal]. Well, right beside of that, my mother's house set and he and Birdie was living in that house. So, we just kind of threw in with them. I don't remember how long we stayed there, but probably a month or something like that, I'm not sure. Then we got a little apartment on the end of my Grandmother Batty's house down there. It was just big enough for a bed and a little sheep camp-type steel stove. That's what they had in there. You couldn't rent a place, there wasn't any places.

KI: Was that because they were just having an oil boom at that time?

Jay: Yeah, an oil boom.

KI: I think that's when they made those apartments upstairs across from Zions Bank, in that old building. Where they used to have the National Guard Armory. They built a ramp up in there.

Jay: Yeah, that was Slaugh Motor. George Slaugh had that and you could drive up there. But part of that building belonged to L.H. Woodard.

KI: Yes, but I think it was N.J. Meagher who purchased it and put all those little apartments up in there. Troy Burton helped build those. I think it was right after the Second World War.

Jay: That was way later days. Troy Burton wasn't around here then. I don't know when Troy came. Well, I don't know when N.J. Meagher acquired that.

KI: Mostly what I remember is the oil boom and people couldn't find places to live.

Jay: You couldn't rent a place. There wasn't nothing to rent. No place at all. Anyway, we lived in this little place and Woodey was just starting what eventually turned out to be the Searle Savings Center, where that Freight Outlet is. But he didn't have any merchandise in there. They'd roller skated in it. They had a roller skating rink to start with on that cement floor. Then he got building materials, so we had cement and glass, fire plaster, and sheet rock and things like that in there. He also had a brother-in-law, whose name was Larry Abegglen, and he was a saddle maker, harness maker, shoe cobbler, whatever, and he used to work for Newton Brothers.

They had this here shoe cobbling deal there and I was kind of taking care of the downstairs thing and that's where that was, so, I ended up being the shoe cobbler there for quite a little while. I don't remember how long.

KI: Shoes for people or horses?

Jay: I fixed people's shoes. For the horses, they call that a farrier. I don't remember just how long, but when Larry and Wood started, it was in a little Wasatch service station which set right on the corner where that Phillips station is now. Then they moved the harness-making deal and saddle shop, mostly saddles, up in the back part of what is now that Freight Outlet. It's got an upstairs, it raises up probably three feet or four feet. That's where that was. I went to making saddles with Larry and he taught me what I knew. I'd always monkeyed with leather and whatnot and braid and things like that, but I'd never made a saddle before, so he taught me.

We'd make four saddles a week and there was a lot of demand for saddles. We was always behind. That was great while the big demand lasted, but that kind of caught up.

KI: Is that because more people just started to drive cars?

Jay: Well, I don't know. Now, the biggest number of saddles is sold, not to ranchers and cowboys, they're sold to these people that you see a horse in their backyard, people who think they are going to be cowboys or their kids is going to ride horses, but it doesn't turn out that way. The horse get puts out in the pasture.

I did that for several years. Then Wood put in the Firestone store. Firestone used to have not just tires, but they sold everything, paint and anything pret' near, they sold. Toys. I used to go out to the toy show and order for the toys.

KI: Did you have that store in the same location?

Jay: Right in there where that Freight Outlet is.

KI: So, he didn't move to a different place and have two stores?

Jay: No, just right there. See, that's where Searle's Saving Center was. Sold lots of tires, everybody didn't have tires then. Linoleum, lots of that, we sold. Well, furniture, we had furniture. We had just about everything in the hardware line. That did pretty good.

In the meantime, I bought a place, I've got a home there now, down on the east side of town, had forty acres of ground. I had a little bit of money, then it looked like quite a little. I had \$3,000. Does that sound like quite a little money? At least it was more than most people had in the bank. I'd had that. Well, Wood had sold a little ranch that I'd bought up there in Craig, while I was in the service. That's what I got back out of it. He put that in the bank. When he had needed some money there, why, I had a checking account there at the Moffat County State Bank and I put his name on there so he could write a check right like it was mine, for many years, and he didn't forget it. He appreciated that until the day he died. In fact, a very short time before he passed away, in the last year, probably, he called me and asked me if I needed any money. See, he just appreciated that all his life, yep.

So anyway, I bought that place, that little farm and house down there. I changed it a lot since I got it, it's not the same. Terry's changed it now, he's not changing the house, but he's changed the corrals and my loading chute, where my scales are and stuff. But anyway, we better get back.

Anyway, I stayed there with Wood and in '52 he got involved with the propane business while we was still there at the Saving Center. He and Av Kay kind of went in cahoots for just a little while and that's where he got the propane business. He just had bottles and a propane truck and maybe a few tanks. Then he built that place up there. You know where Sav On is? [Approximately 1150 West 500 North] Well, that belongs to his son, Randy, and to my son, Terry. Mostly to Randy, but Terry has an interest in it. That was '52, so then he sold that store, but he didn't get a lot of money down on it, but a fellow named Greenband, he was a Jewish fellow, and he didn't do very good. Wood had to take it back finally.

But anyway, we moved from there up on the Maeser Highway to that and that's where we went. I worked there with him and took care of my own place down there and in the meantime I accumulated sheep and cattle. I had a hundred-fifty head of registered, black-faced ewes. I'd buy cattle every spring and put them on the mountain up in that place that I've got now, in that hollow where Father's homestead was, and that belonged to Mother then. She and I kind of went in cahoots. I bought the cattle and she furnished the place, to start with.

KI: Did she ever sell her homestead place?

Jay: No. Well, she did the one over at Willow Spring, but not the Blair. She managed to hold that together. How she done that, I don't know, because times were tough, but she wanted her kids to have that. I don't know, by scheming one way or the other, and she was a manager. I'll grant to you, she was a manager.

Ray had half of that basin and I had half eventually. Then I rented his. I could run a hundred head of yearling steers or heifers in there. Then I rented a place from Max Rasmussen

and my brother Carl over on Pot Creek. Then I finally could run one hundred and twenty-five head of cattle. Then I still had some sheep, so I used this one place over here for the sheep and another place I leased from Max. So, I could run, oh, a hundred and twenty-five, a hundred and fifty head of yearlings over there. That's when I was still working for Wood.

One year I lost, I don't know whether I lost fifteen or twenty head of yearlings over there. I hunted that mountain over.

KI: Lost as in you just couldn't find them, not that they died.

Jay: I just couldn't find them. I looked and I had everybody else looking. When they give me a bum steer, "Oh, I saw something down here," I'd go and look. I finally called the Department of Agriculture in both Utah and Wyoming to look out for those cattle because I was sure, they a short truckload of cattle that was gone. One day Wood says, "Well, what will you take for them?" I couldn't find any cattle, see, and Wood says, "What will you take for them?" Well, I guess I wouldn't sell them, I didn't give him a price or anything of what I would take, but, by golly, lo and behold, we were up there, the boys were up there hunting elk, Terry hunting deer, deer season time and that's when I was going to bring my cattle off, and I got in the jeep and drove around and counted them cattle and I'll be darned if I didn't have my cattle.

There's a north slope over on the side of that mountain and it's steep and it's difficult to go up through, even on foot, it's just a brushy son-of-a-gun. And those cattle had come over the top into my place. So, I had my cattle! That was really a pleasant surprise.

KI: I'll bet. I would wonder if somebody had stolen them.

Jay: That's what I thought. I'd made up my mind that they'd been hauled out of the country. But they sure got there and they did it on their own.

Anyway, this happened during the time I worked for him. This was up until 1955. Then I decided I wanted to get in and do something else. So, I bought a drive-in up here, just the other side of this Glines Ward chapel. You know where they've got all those cars for sell? [Approximately 1525 W. Highway 40] Well, I bought that. I extended it and had a curio shop on one side and drive-in thing on this side where you can drive in there. I had slide out deals for the windows. I heard about this here place over to Grand Junction that had a deal like that. I took my son Terry, he wasn't very big then. We took the plane and went on the plane over there to look at it. So, we had that. That turned out to be a lot of work, I guarantee that.

KI: What did you call it?

Jay: The Wagon Wheel. So, I'd open up every morning at 10 o'clock, so you'd have to be there at 9 or something like that, then we closed it at 10 pm, so by the time you got away it was 11. I had a farm down here that had to be irrigated and livestock, sheep down here and cattle up there. I was lucky, that was one thing. I sold a hundred head of registered ewes to a fellow in Kansas. That just cleaned my sheep out while I was up there. I just barely got them moved to the mountain. I just had hauled them up. I don't know why he got hold of my name or anything, but anyway he come out and I sold him those sheep. It couldn't have come at a better time.

Anyway, I sold that drive-in and, in fact, this is something, this is a coincidence, this



house, right here. I sold to fellow named Joe and Marie Blackmon and I took this house on the trade.

KI: For the restaurant?

Jay: Part of it, yes. Part of it on the restaurant deal. I sold this house to a lady, Genevieve Stanfield. She was getting a loan from the VA. She was a nurse in the Army and she was getting a loan. I sold it to her for \$13,500.

KI: In 1956? '57?

Jay: That was about '57, along in there. So you can see how much property was worth. They appraised it and they said it was only worth \$13,000 and I could either give them the \$500 back or they were going to sue me for it. So, I give her \$500 back even though I sold it to her fair and square. Anyway, I ended up back with it. I sold it to Genevieve Stanfield and it was pretty near a new house then. I don't know how long she lived there. She was a registered nurse. She was head nurse over here at the hospital. My first wife was also a nurse that worked over there. When I met the gal I'm married to now, I found out where she lived and I walked in here and I said, "I owned this house once." I didn't keep it too long, maybe six months, maybe a year. I didn't keep it a year until I got it sold. And here I end up marrying her and I'm back living in the house. Quite a deal!

KI: Did your first wife pass away?

Jay: Yes.

KI: When did that happen?

Jay: '91.

KI: Not too long ago then really.

Jay: Well, ten years. We've been married ten years. Well, it would be twelve year ago she passed away because she passed away in '91 and we got married in '93. I don't remember. We got married on November the sixth. I remember that.

KI: So, I guess Pat decided Vernal was okay after a while?

Jay: Oh, you bet. She loved it. She liked the people and everything. In fact, we made several trips back to Maine and she was always glad to get back here. She went back to Maine a time or two by herself or with one of the kids; we just had two kids. I don't think she ever took Terry, but she did Vicky one time. She got to go back there and visit.

Well, when I sold that drive-in and I just had the cattle, I'd sold the sheep, what Pat wanted to do, she wanted to work and me not work and just take care of the livestock. But that didn't work out too good, so I got a backhoe. I bought a backhoe and there wasn't many

backhoes around the country at that time. So, the backhoe, I called it Old Yeller. It was very good to me. One of the best jobs, one of the first jobs that I had, I won't enumerate different jobs, except this one. When they built this here canal coming out of Steinaker Dam, it goes clear out to the end of Davis Ward out there, I went and talked to a guy, I can't remember his name, sorry, but I talked to him and he said, "Well, it looks like I've got about thirty days work for you or something like that." Well, I put in fifteen months!

I kept the telephone company going and Utah Power and Light going. I did their digging early and late and still put my gardens in, didn't lose customers. That turned out to be a really nice job and come at a good time.

KI: About when would this have been?

Jay: Oh, I'd say about '59 was when that was.

KI: And how long did you run the backhoe business?

Jay: Well, I kept that backhoe. I did a lot of work and I bought a dump truck to go along with it. In fact, my first dump trucks, I bought two used dump trucks from the county, two-ton GMCs. One had something wrong with it and the other had a little something wrong with it, so I made one out of two. I had that truck, then in '66 I bought a new ton and a half dump truck. So, I had a good truck and that backhoe. I did a tremendous lot of work. I put around 14,000 hours on that backhoe. In fact, it is setting down to the house. I could have sold it a lot of times, but I just retired it. I said it was as tired as I was, so it's setting down there on the blocks so good. I don't know what my son will do with it, but he can do with it what he wants to. It hasn't been started in I don't know how many years, probably fifteen years or more since it's been started.

KI: About how long were you in business with the backhoe? Did you have a name for the business?

Jay: Just me, that's all, didn't have any name. But I did lots of work. My goodness, I worked up on the dam, on Flaming Gorge Dam up there. I did a lot of work up there. We used that tamping equipment [a compactor] up around substations and things like that. That there guest center, where you go and stop at that guest center, I did all the outside work on that and the foundation and stuff. In fact, Marv Jackson, they dynamited the tunnel that's under there and he was the powder monkey. That's what you call someone who handles powder.

KI: Someone who is crazy enough to touch it?

Jay: Well, I handled a lot of powder.

KI: And you had to be a little bit crazy, huh?

Jay: Yes. It's surprising what you can do with it. But he was the powder monkey on shooting that hole out under there. So, he and I kind of worked together along on that job. Besides, we went to school together. He actually says he graduated in '33, and I guess he did, but he laid out one year

and herded sheep one year for his uncle, Les Anderson. That was another time that Marv and I kind of ended up together was on that job out there part-time.

But the old backhoe was good to me, I can tell you that. I can't complain. I don't know when I parked that. I quit a long time before. Well, my son, we built a house for him down there close to my house down there and I dug the basement on that and one or two jobs after that. Then I just parked that old tractor.

KI: Then you retired yourself, too?

Jay: Well, I've been tired all the time!

KI: But you *retired* and didn't work anymore? You strike me as the type of person who just keeps working.

Jay: I didn't use that because I was trading in livestock a lot. I associated with a fellow who used to come to the sales, Jim Hibarger. He had a connection where he disposed of lambs and cattle, too, but mostly lambs. When we started, it was pret' near all lambs. A good share of the lambs around these little farms, why, I bought and put them together. He'd come with one of these pots, we'd call them pots, these great, big, long livestock trucks, and you can put three, four hundred lambs on one. So, he'd come about every week and I'd have a load or part of a load. It would depend. We bought a lot of horses, we called them killer horses, because that's what they do with a lot of these old horses, you know. They go for meat. They don't go for dog food, they go for human consumption.

KI: Where?

Jay: Well, that's an interesting question. I had a knee put in and I was out there to St. Mark's and they sent me to a rehab place. These fellows, the two or three of them that went there, was from Poland. I said, "What kind of meat do you eat over there in Poland?" "Well," he says, "ducks and pigs, mostly." I said, "Don't you eat any horsemeat?" "Oh," he said, "that's upper crust." That's the high class people who have the horsemeat. So, you see, we all live under a different limelight. Boy, you wouldn't think of killing Joe, or whatever you called your horse, for that, but I bought a lot of horses and that's where they went.

They went from here, Jim would take them to Martin, Texas, to the Great Western Meat Company. They disposed of them, whatever. That turned out to be quite a lucrative little deal, for me. It went right along with my livestock. I'd bought a set of scales. This set of scales, I have no idea how old they are. They're eight by sixteen foot. But I bought them from a guy up here in Glines Ward and the wooden support around it was either six inches by six or six by eight, I don't remember. But everything was put together with wooden dowling. They are that old. That's what they used then. Instead of a bolt, they used wooden dowling. You can still see the wooden deal in them today. The scales, I don't know how many years I've used them. Well, I was using that backhoe. I went up there and loaded them on my dump truck and took them down. Then I had to fill that hole back in. So, I took some water and dirt and filled that deal up.

But anyway, then I just kind of gradually phased that out, slowly. In fact, even after Alberta and I were married, people would call about livestock. Finally, I just don't hear from

anybody anymore. Once in a while, someone will ask how much is something worth. I have to tell them I have no idea.

I would say that was an interesting part of my life, buying livestock. I didn't buy big bunches. Oh, I did, I bought one pretty good bunch. I bought Doc Holmes's sheep one year and he had something like a thousand head of lambs. I think that was \$52,000 that I gave him for those and that was as big a deal as I ever made on livestock. A lot of them over in Manila, had a real good town up there.

KI: You've had a really varied work background, haven't you?

Jay: Yes, I certainly have. It's up and down.

Well, my wife and I started going down south in '64. Now, that is just about forty years ago, awful close.

KI: How far down south?

Jay: Well, we'd go down to Phoenix and Apache Junction. That's as far as we'd take our trailer. We've been around through Texas and different places, but we weren't pulling the trailer. But then for about ten years, we went every winter down there. I started out with a little sixteen-foot travel trailer. Then I bought a twenty-one foot. Up over the cab, a place for a bed in there. It was nice, we thought. Then I got a chance to sell that and I sold it and bought a thirty-one foot trailer. It was a nice trailer. We just really enjoyed that.

In the summer then, I'd come back in the summer and buy cattle in the summer and we'd sell them in the fall so I didn't have anything left on the place in the wintertime. In fact, my son Terry, I opened an account for him over to Bank of Vernal so that if he wanted to start buying a few cattle for me, and he was just a kid then still, not much more than a kid, maybe it was after he got married, I guess. If he wanted to go with this friend of mine, old Speed Wheeler, why, Speed would help him and he'd buy him cattle so he'd have them for next summer. But he didn't do much on it.

Then I put his name on my account and his name is still on my account. He's been able to write a check on my account for close to forty years. It's been a wonderful relationship.

KI: He still lives here then?

Jay: Oh, yeah. He owns part of Sav On Propane up there.

KI: Who is he married to?

Jay: He was divorced from his first wife and he's married again. One day he called me and said, "Well," he said, "you're going to be a grandpa!" I begin to name off the grandkids, I haven't got many, and I named everybody but him. He and his wife, they are in their fifties, fifty what? Four, five? Oh, he's more than that now. Oh, I don't know what happened to that picture. I would have liked to show you that picture. It was right there and I don't know. My wife, with that Alzheimers, moved it. I'm not sure where anything is. He just thinks there's nobody on this earth but his dad, and that's great.

I did get a long ways from where I was at, from where we started. Well, some of things that I might say that I've done during that time: I was First Ward Scoutmaster for quite a number of years and every time I ever see one of those guys, they're counselors and whatnot in church, they tell me I'm the best scoutmaster First Ward ever had. But I think the best one they ever had was my brother Carl. He was a good scoutmaster. But I don't know how many years [I was in scouts]. It was when Terry was a boy and in scouts.

KI: This was Vernal First Ward?

Jay: Yes, Vernal First Ward. Milt was scoutmaster up in Maeser at the same time. So, on several times, well, two particular times, we took our scouts together. We made it to Grizzly Ridge, way out. At that time, Larell Anderson had it. He was trying to start a ski deal up there. You held the tow rope. We both had one of these big old Army tents. That whole bunch of kids around there. He had one; I had one. They had the time of their lives when we did that. Another time we went up to Paradise Park, Paradise Lake up there, in the wintertime, too. We fished through the ice and skated. Those kids, they could have more damn fun. I used to enjoy the kids, I really did.

KI: Were you ever a member of the Chamber of Commerce or the Jaycees?

Jay: Nope. I had an opportunity a time or two to run for county commissioner, but I told them I'd sooner bitch at them than I would be one. So, I didn't. Another thing that I was chairman of was, well, that was Boy Scouts, and then Cub Scouts. I was in the ward with Cub Scouts with Dr. Seager. We had a real good relationship.

KI: What level was that on then?

Jay: Just in the ward. Dr. Seager was a great guy to have as a partner. I'll tell you, things was done like that!

KI: Oh, I'll bet. I know Dr. Seager.

Jay: He was my doctor from the time that he come here until he quit, so I know him pretty good. We've been golfing together up until last year or the year before and then he just goes by himself because he doesn't want to hold anybody up. I think he's ninety-three. He might be ninety-four this summer. His wife, too, they're just very, very precious people.

KI: Did you ever join the Knife and Fork Club with them?

Jay: Nope. The Searles, they're not much inclined to socialize. Not me, nope.

KI: I need to ask a question that I forgot to ask before. If it was Woodey that opened this store down here where Freight Damaged is...

Jay: He built it.

KI: Did Milt eventually move his business in there?

Jay: Yes. After Greenband and somebody else left, why then, Milt had his business there.

Then there was, let's see, we had the ram sale. I was chairman of the ram sale for several years. At that time we had lots of sheep in this country.

KI: Who did that involve? Just sheep ranchers?

Jay: It involved everyone getting the rams here, people would bring rams in from everywhere, Spanish Fork and that country raised lots of rams and Craig and different place. I had rams. So, I was in charge of that ram sale for several years, and it worked out all right. I think we were fairly successful at it.

Then I was chairman of that wool pool for I don't know how many years, from the beginning. That way we kind of sold our wool as a group rather than try to sell, one guy's got one sack and one guy's got ten, why, we sold them as a group. One year we got, the high was \$1.15 a pound. That was for the best, then it went down to a dollar on the black-faced sheep. Black-faced sheep never bring as much as white sheep. You take your Rambouillet, it was probably the best, the finest-wooled sheep. The black-faced sheep are more coarse. Some of it, the black-faced part, is almost like hair rather than wool. Today, the people with black-faced sheep, they can't get enough out of it to pay for what it costs to shear one. They just shear it and dump it in the wash.

KI: Why do they keep them?

Jay: They keep them for the lambs, raising the lambs.

KI: For food?

Jay: Oh, yeah, sure.

KI: Where does our lamb go? We're not eating it around here.

Jay: Oh, that's my favorite meat.

KI: I really like it, too, but you just can't get it, especially for sheep being raised here.

Jay: Well, they got so high. I've bought lamb here quite a lot.

[Break in conversation.]

KI: Do you want to tell me about some other things that you did?

Jay: Oh, yes, we'll go on here quite a little ways. We were on to the wool pool, right? Another thing, I was on the rodeo. Well, we belonged to the roping club. In fact, I was a charter member of the roping club. We started that here in Vernal, the roping club. Of course, we had our own

activities down here at the rodeo grounds. We owned calves. I don't remember, once or twice a week in the evenings, we roped calves. I participated in a lot of rodeos, that is, like Craig, Roosevelt, or different places like that, Meeker. We've always done all right.

KI: Roping was your event then?

Jay: Yes. Well, I'll tell you about trying hard. I rode a bucking horse once. I had a tendency to get off quick. That roping club was putting on an amateur rodeo. The cowboys didn't like the judges we were going to have, so they struck. They wouldn't come out on their horses. So, some of us guys volunteered to come out on a buckin' horse. I come out on one. I lit pretty hard out there. Saw different ones come out and did good, old Jack Brewer, Bud Massey, and a lot of them, they did all right. We had a good show. The cowboys striking didn't hurt us a bit. Their loss. We did good.

That roping club, we had lots of enjoyment out of it. For years and years we did that. Of course, we made all the little rodeos, Neola, and Roosevelt, and wherever, why, we made them roping. Wood and I roped together most of the time. We were partners.

Then I was chairman of the RCA Rodeo, that's one like they're going to have right now. I was chairman of that. I can't remember whether I was chairman of that twice. I was chairman of it one time. Let me show you. That was out of the Vernal Express.

KI: It says you were president of the 1950 rodeo. I'll have to look that up. I can do that pretty easily.

Jay: Yeah, that will be right in the paper. So, you see, if I couldn't ride, at least I could sit on a horse. But I saw that just a few days ago, laying on that stuff. Well, anyway, I was chairman of the RCA rodeo. We did quite a lot of changing around in the grounds and stuff that year. They eventually changed it back. We changed it so the fence come across the racetrack during the rodeo. That would put a bucking horse right up next to the grandstand, but the racehorse people didn't like that, so I guess they changed it back. Maybe it's better the way it is, but anyway, we had the experience of doing that.

At our amateur rodeos we always had a good time. It was a good experience. I remember Lynn King's sister, Mary Ann, she had a nice little palomino horse and saddle and everything and the rodeo committee bought that, the rodeo association or whatever you call it, and we gave it away. We sold tickets on it and gave chances on it. She's still alive down to St. George. Kings Row is the name of the trailer park and it's a big, beautiful trailer park. It's out of St. George. It's between St. George and Hurricane. But it's a nice place.

I could go on quite a while.

KI: Just keep talking, it's okay.

Jay: I'll just tell you a thing or two. Well, the Golden Age Center down here, my wife and I started going to the dances there. At that time it was the old Second Ward Chapel. You might be able to tell where the chapel came to if you look at it and see that stone rock around there. Gosh, we had a lot of fun there, but it was just kind of small. So, one day at the meeting I told them I thought that if we got the county commissioners to fund it, why, we could get enough volunteers

to do the work. It happened that the commissioner that was working with the Counsel on Aging, and not only the Counsel on Aging but the Golden Age Center, was Warren Richardson. So, we kind of met with them and we decided to put that on out there. And you know who got stuck with the doing. I was stuck with the thing.

I drew up the plans and everything for that there addition, out there where they eat. Have you been in there?

KI: Yes.

Jay: Well, that whole addition, that's a sixty by forty. So, we started and I got quite a lot of donations in one way or another. A fellow, Gratton Hall, he got his forms and [poured the] foundation, and he didn't charge us anything, about six or seven hundred dollars. Intermountain Concrete, they knocked off half on their cement for the foundation. Different ways, LeMond Tullis and I put the lights in after night. We got there when he could come and put the lights in. He donated his time. Oh, gosh, quite a few guys donated time and I put in a good three months on that, a greater part of the time. Then, we've got a lot of good out of it.

They just give me purchase order books and I just bought everything we put into it. Hired whatever help we had, just gave them a purchase order, they went and got their money. I think the purchase order books, the old ones, are down to the house, but I think that was '73. It might be a little bit later than that. In the seventies, yeah.

We built that on. My golly, we used to have dances there. We didn't have that stage that's back there now. We had it open, like it is now, going into the old part, and I've seen some dances when that total thing was pretty well filled up. But, you know, most of the people that danced in those days are dying off. I'm afraid that I'm going to be one of them because I can't go dance anymore; my old ticker won't let me.

KI: It used to be that all the young kids actually learned how to dance.

Jay: But they don't anymore. Just once in a while. We had a few young kids that would come and they'd enjoy it. They enjoyed dancing, too, gosh darn, once they first get started, but they just don't do that anymore. Ballroom dancing is not [popular], but we had big dances and then it dropped off until it was nip and tuck to keep it going. But I think they're still having dances all right, but I think maybe it's being subsidized. I don't know whether they're subsidizing that or not.

That was before I was on the Counsel on Aging and I was on that for over twenty years.

KI: Were you appointed to that position by the county?

Jay: How *would* it be? Well, it would have to be, yeah. During that time we added both of those entrances onto that. We just had a door there before with a sort of step, you know. But both of the entrances coming into that building was done afterwards. A fellow named Les Thacker and I was in charge of that, but they'd changed things then and they couldn't do it the way it was when I built that center, the building, everything has to go out on bids. So, they had an outfit, that guy's name was Money, I remember that. He was an architect, I guess, and he drew up, on that east side, it had winding stair going up like that and we had to make it easier for old people to go in,



you know. We fixed that one on this side so a wheelchair could go into it. That other one, we could only do it four inches and I'm scared you'll see that. That's close to four inches, isn't it?

KI: Oh, yes, exactly.

Jay: The steps are only four inches, each one. If you go in there, that's the size of the lift on the step right there. Gosh, everybody likes it. A lot of them like to come in that side there better than the other side.

Another job that I got stuck with, during that time we remodeled the pool hall, but since then it's been changed. It used to be a stage.

KI: Which pool hall?

Jay: In the Golden Age Center, the pool room in there. That used to be a stage for the church up in there and it was open to there. We closed that off and put a ceiling in there, extended it. I did a lot in there. I had a fellow, Frank Johnson, working with me. He was a big, strong guy, he's still alive, he's about ninety-one or -two. He could stand in there with his one hand and hold a piece of that half-inch or five-eighths-inch sheet rock up to the ceiling and I could nail it. That's how strong he was. That was a good deal to get it changed that much. Then they decided, we used to have cooking just in a little room. It's a meeting room now, on your left, if you come in from the east, why, there's a room there where the committee meets, that's where we cooked the meals, other than the meat. The meat was some volunteer, two or three different ladies would cook the meat, then the rest of the food we cooked there. We had tables. I've seen as many as ninety people in that one side there. But that was too close, we needed more room.

So, we built that and I have a folding door between those two, the dance hall and the dining room and we still used the other place to eat because we didn't need that much room for a dining room. So, we took the folding doors out and the tables is like it is today, but there wasn't any regular kitchen back there. So, they give me the job of overseeing that there kitchen. Lewis Freestone had the contract on it. We got along good. We didn't have much controversy at all.

Then another thing old Les Thacker and I were stuck with was that four-car garage out there. We didn't have that. Les did a lot of work getting that ground, that little piece of ground over there. We had to acquire that. Boy, he stayed there with that until he got it. It had a mortgage on it and he got it. So, he and I together had that as a job. So, it was always one job after the other. Here about five or six years ago or something like that, I don't remember, I told them, "I believe I've been here long enough." But it was an enjoyable deal and we really had fun. It was a good place.

Well, Alberta and I got married, we ought to start on that. Well, in '91, my wife Pat passed away, she had a tumor on the brain. In '92, I guess it was, November of '92, I met Alberta down at the dance down there. Her son is married to my niece now. So, I don't know what they call me, uncle or grandpa. But anyway, we decided, two old people, to get married. We've been together ten years, that's quite a long time.

I got a new travel trailer, it's setting down there to the house. I ought to sell it, but it's just sitting there. Double slide-out on it. It's a nice trailer. Down at Quarzite, we've had as many as twelve people in there playing cards, you know. We put two card tables up in it and have four tables going. We went down there probably every year until, I'd say three years ago. It might

have been four now.

KI: Is Quarzite in Arizona?

Jay: Yeah, but we mostly stayed in St. George. We had a membership in a trailer park in St. George. We would stop there going down and then we'd stop there coming back. We'd stay a month or two each way. But Quarzite is a place you'd never believe unless you saw it. I don't know how many thousands, and I mean thousands and thousands, of people show up there for their rock show, and go there for the winter, or part of the winter at least. All it is is flea markets and that kind of stuff. They sell everything there, but their rock show is a nice feature. People come from all over the world, I believe, displaying their different kinds of rocks, how they're cut. Then they have recreation places. You can go to a dance every night if you want, or about every night. They had a rec hall, I forget what they call that, it will hold six hundred people at least. And that's a fun deal. All of the entertainment is done by the people. You get guitar players and fiddle players and jukebox players and singers and everything from all over, I'd almost say, the United States. And the little guy, you probably don't remember, he used to say, "Phillip Morris!" On the advertisement for Phillip Morris? He's down there. He was in one of the bands down there. But I know before, when we went down there, we was going because, there would be about eight trailers of us would end up there together from Vernal and Roosevelt, we knew each other so we could go to the dances together, you know, and enjoy it.

KI: Thank you so much for sharing your memories with us. I really appreciate it.

End of tapes